



MIKE BARON • STEVEN BUTLER • KEN BRANCH


MAR 69 1991
FIRST PUBLISHING
\$2.25 / \$2.80 CANADA

BADGER

BADGER™

CREATED BY MIKE BARON



Badger, a self-styled crime fighter, metes out bloody justice to jaywalkers, ticket scalpers, indifferent teen-aged fast-food clerks — in fact, any-damn-body he feels like, because he's **CRAZY!**

Badger is just one side of **Norbert Sykes**, a Vietnam veteran with a personality problem: it's split seven ways. Nevertheless, Norbert almost always finds himself in a Badger state of mind, which suits his wife, **Mavis Davis Sykes, M.D.**, just fine.

Badger is a master of Shorin-ryu and dozens of other obscure, esoteric, arcane, not to mention abstruse martial arts. He can also talk to the animals — just like Dr. Doolittle. Only with better results.

Badger and Mavis live with **Ham the Weather Wizard** in a castle south of Barneveld, Wisconsin. Ham and Badger met while both were inmates at a state mental hospital. Through cunning and chicanery, Ham has amassed a considerable fortune.

Badger calls everyone Larry.

Last Issue: Badger had to turn the hose on the **Foot Soldier** and kick the odorous **Florscheim**, a Great Old One, out of Sauk City and back to non-Euclidean space.

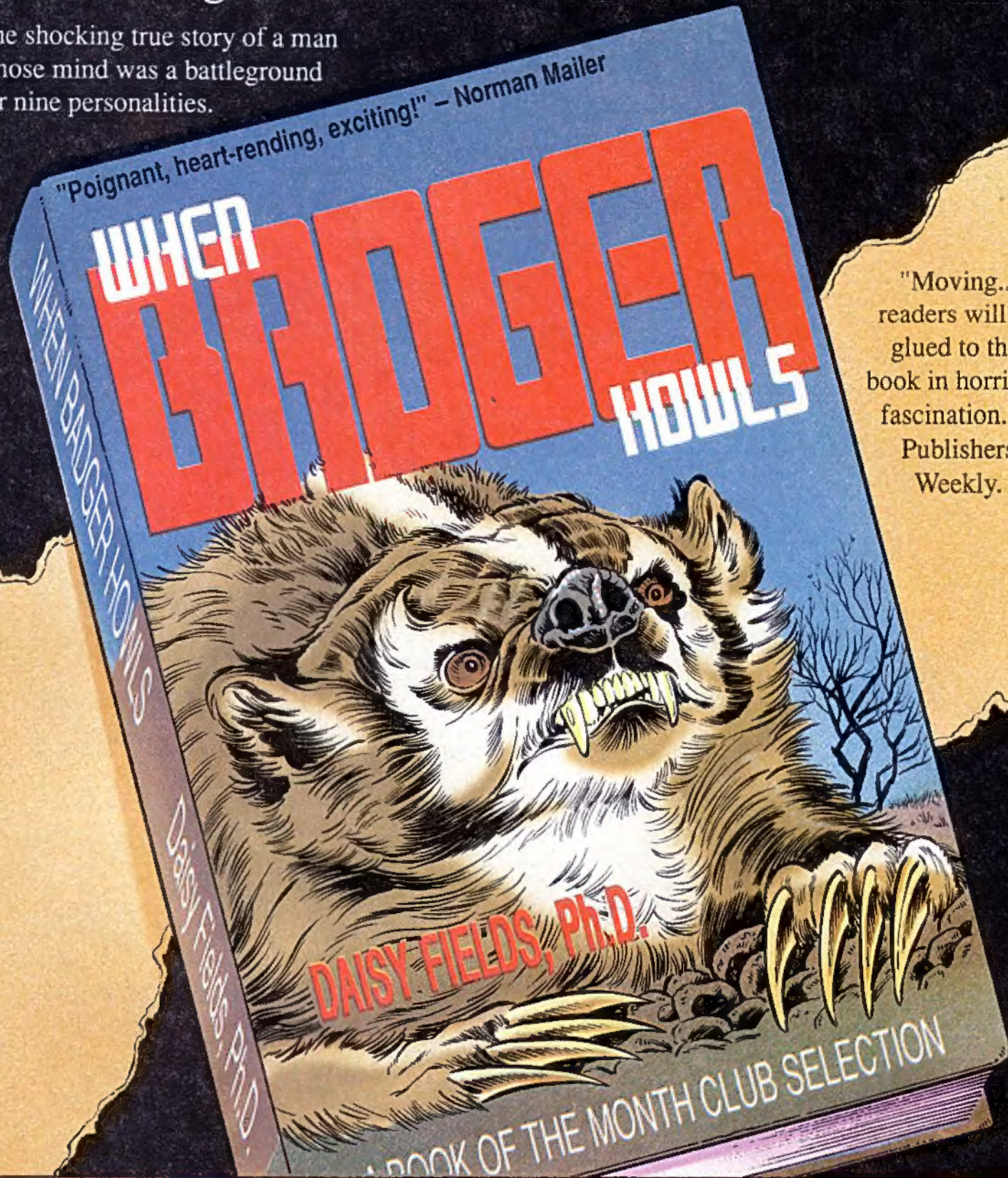
COVER ART: **Steven Butler**. Color by **Paul Mounts**.

BADGER™ Vol. 1, No. 69, March 1991. Published by **FIRST PUBLISHING, INC.**, OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago, IL 60610. Published monthly. Copyright © 1990 First Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Price: \$2.25 in the U.S. Subscription rates for twelve issues: \$27.00 in the U.S., \$33.00 in Canada, and \$54.00 foreign rate. All payments must be in U.S. funds. The stories, incidents, and characters mentioned in this publication are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, without satiric content, are intended or should be inferred. The Badger, Ham, and all prominent characters featured in this issue are trademarks of First Publishing, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to **Badger**, c/o First Publishing, Inc., 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago, IL 60610.

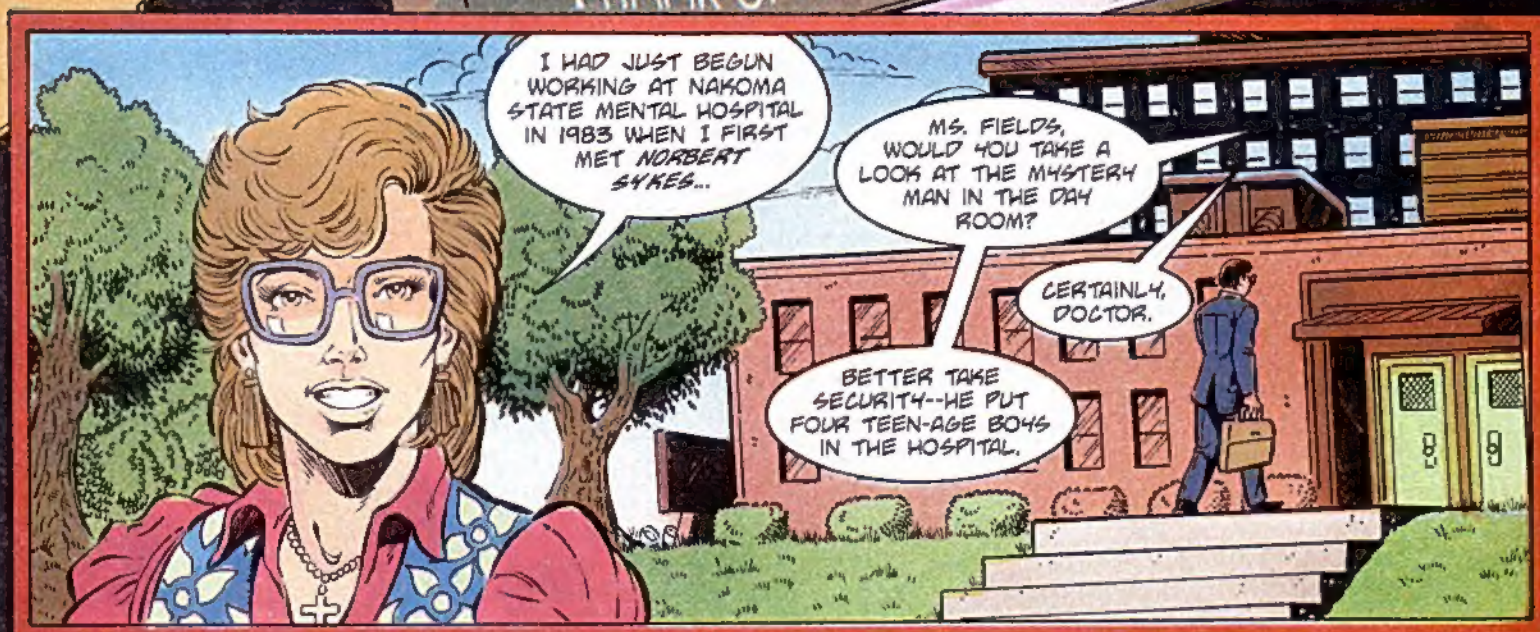
What would make a man put on a costume and fight crime? He'd have to be – CRAZY.

The shocking true story of a man whose mind was a battleground for nine personalities.

"Poignant, heart-rending, exciting!" – Norman Mailer



"Moving... readers will be glued to this book in horrified fascination." – Publishers Weekly.



**mike
BARON**
WRITER

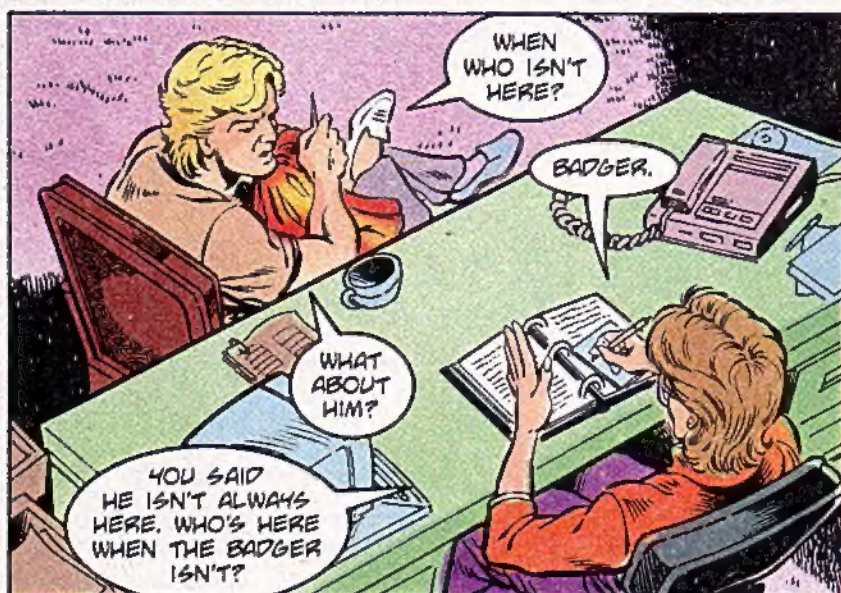
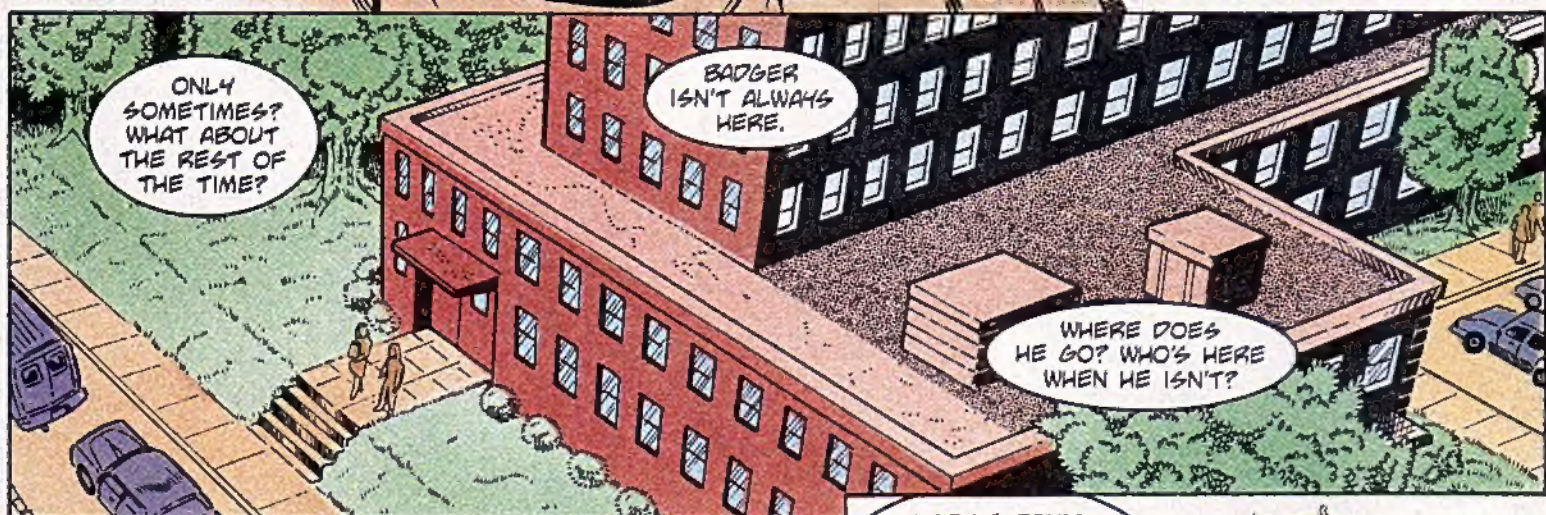
**steven
BUTLER**
PENCILLER

**ken
BRANCH**
INKER

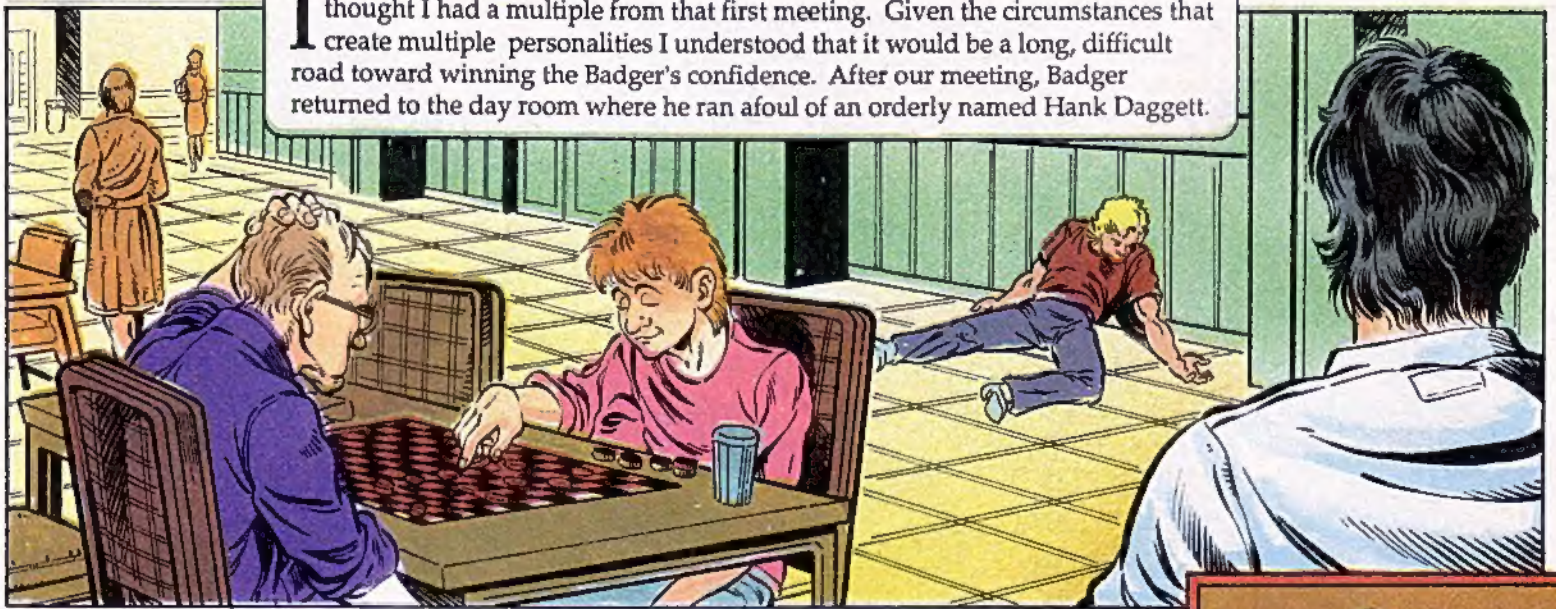
**willie
SCHUBERT**
LETTERER

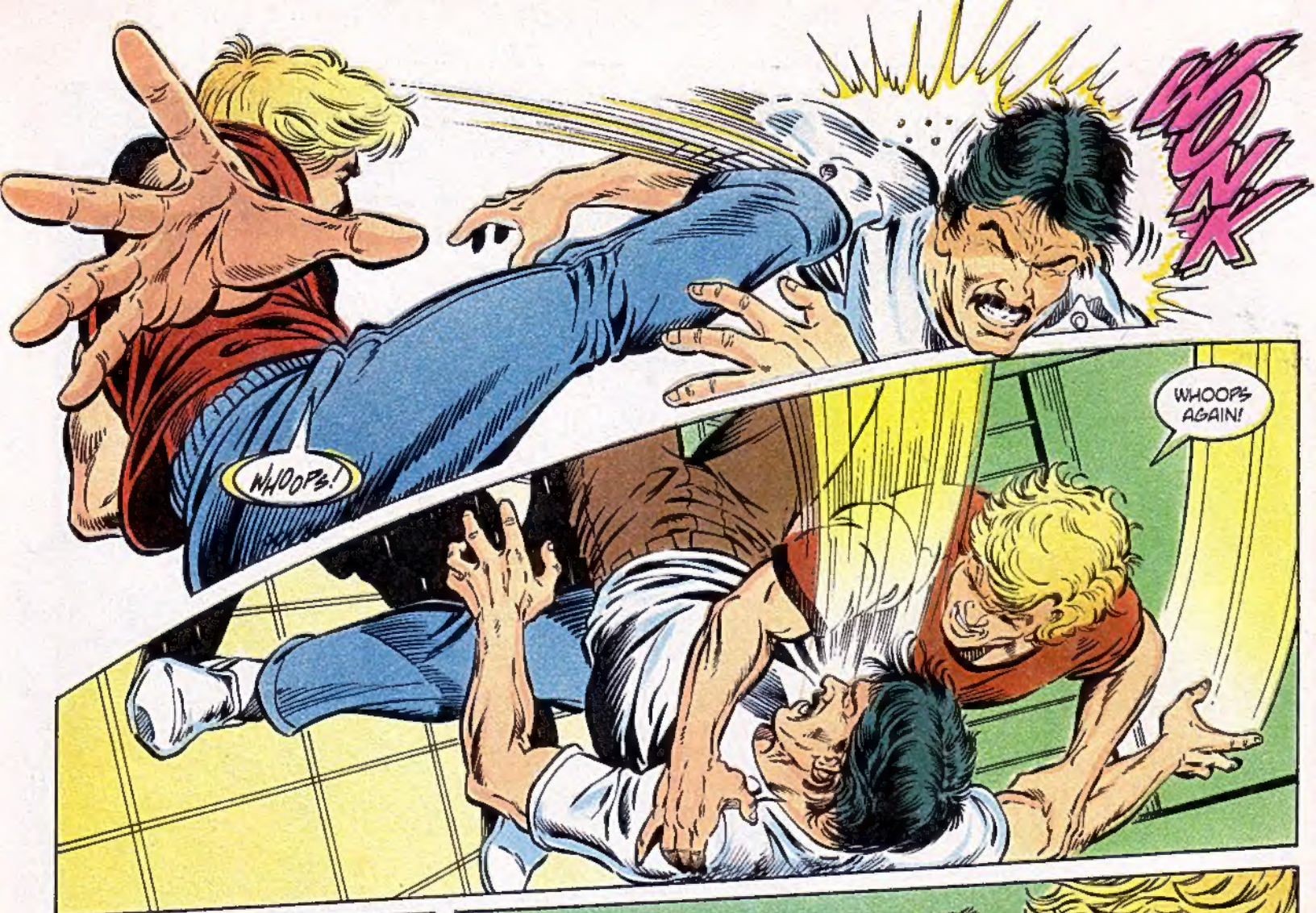
**ian
TETRAULT**
COLORIST

**alex
WALD**
EDITOR

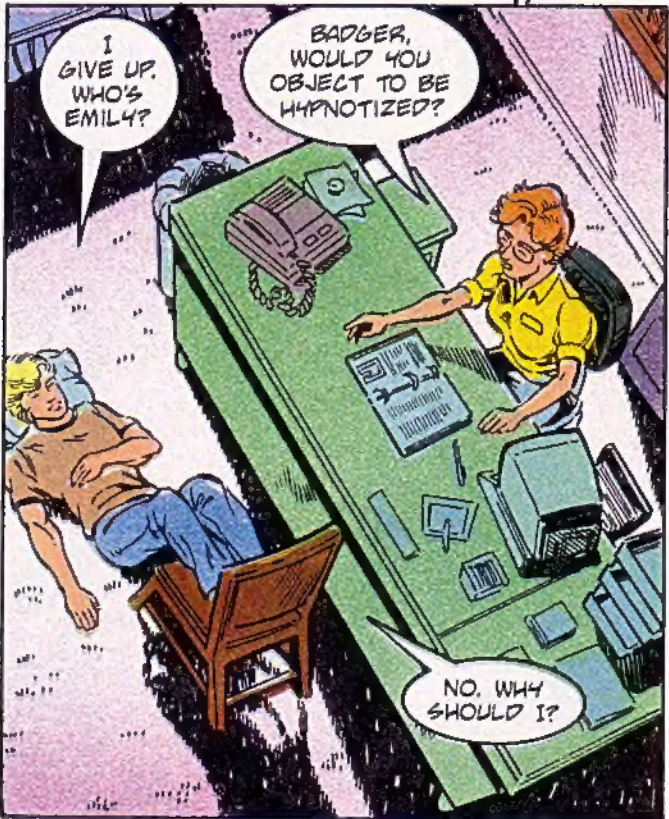
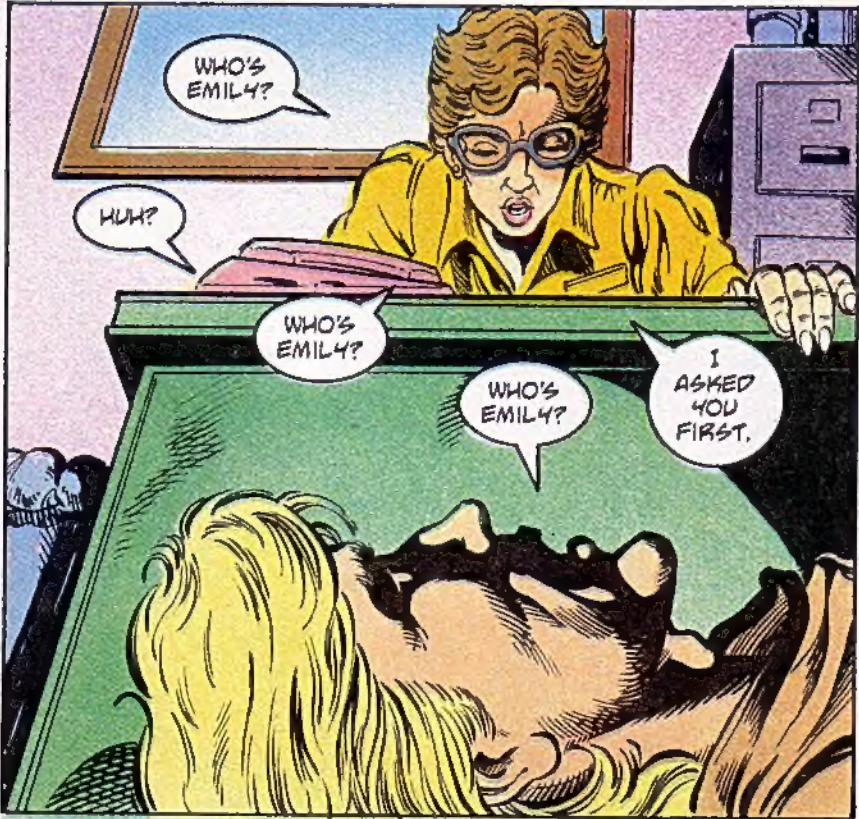
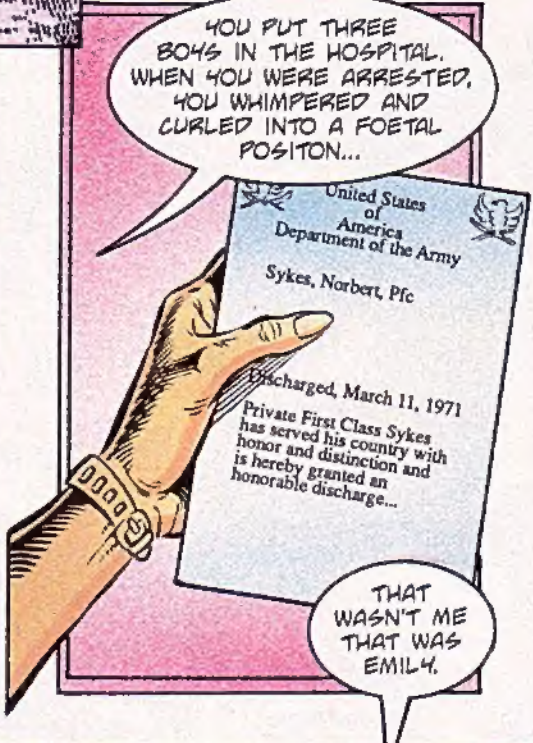


I thought I had a multiple from that first meeting. Given the circumstances that create multiple personalities I understood that it would be a long, difficult road toward winning the Badger's confidence. After our meeting, Badger returned to the day room where he ran afoul of an orderly named Hank Daggett.





Here was yet another side of the Badger, an accomplished martial artist. I obtained his service records...he'd been drafted in 1969 and served three years in Vietnam where he'd been captured and held prisoner by the NVA for six months.



"KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE SPIRAL...RELAX...BREATH DEEPLY...YOU ARE FALLING ASLEEP NOW...YOU ARE VERY RELAXED, AND YOU CAN HEAR EVERY WORD I SAY."

"YOU WILL WAKE WHEN I TELL YOU AND YOU'LL REMEMBER NOTHING OF WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO DISCUSS."

BADGER, I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO NORBERT SYKES. MAY I TALK TO NORBERT?

THIS IS NORBERT.

HOW OLD ARE YOU NORBERT?

SEVEN.

WHERE ARE YOU, NORBERT?

"I'M HOME ON OUR FARM IN BOX ELDER. I'M PLAYING WITH MY DOG LEROY."

"TELL ME ABOUT YOUR FAMILY, NORBERT. DO YOU HAVE ANY BROTHERS AND SISTERS?"

"MY REAL DADDY DIED WHEN I WAS YOUNG. NOW MY MOM LIVES WITH LARRY, BUT HE'S NOT MY REAL DAD..."

"DON'T YOU GET ALONG WITH YOUR STEP FATHER?"

GODDAMN WORTHLESS CUR!

NORBERT... NORBERT! CAN YOU HEAR ME?

NORBERT ISN'T HERE ANYMORE.

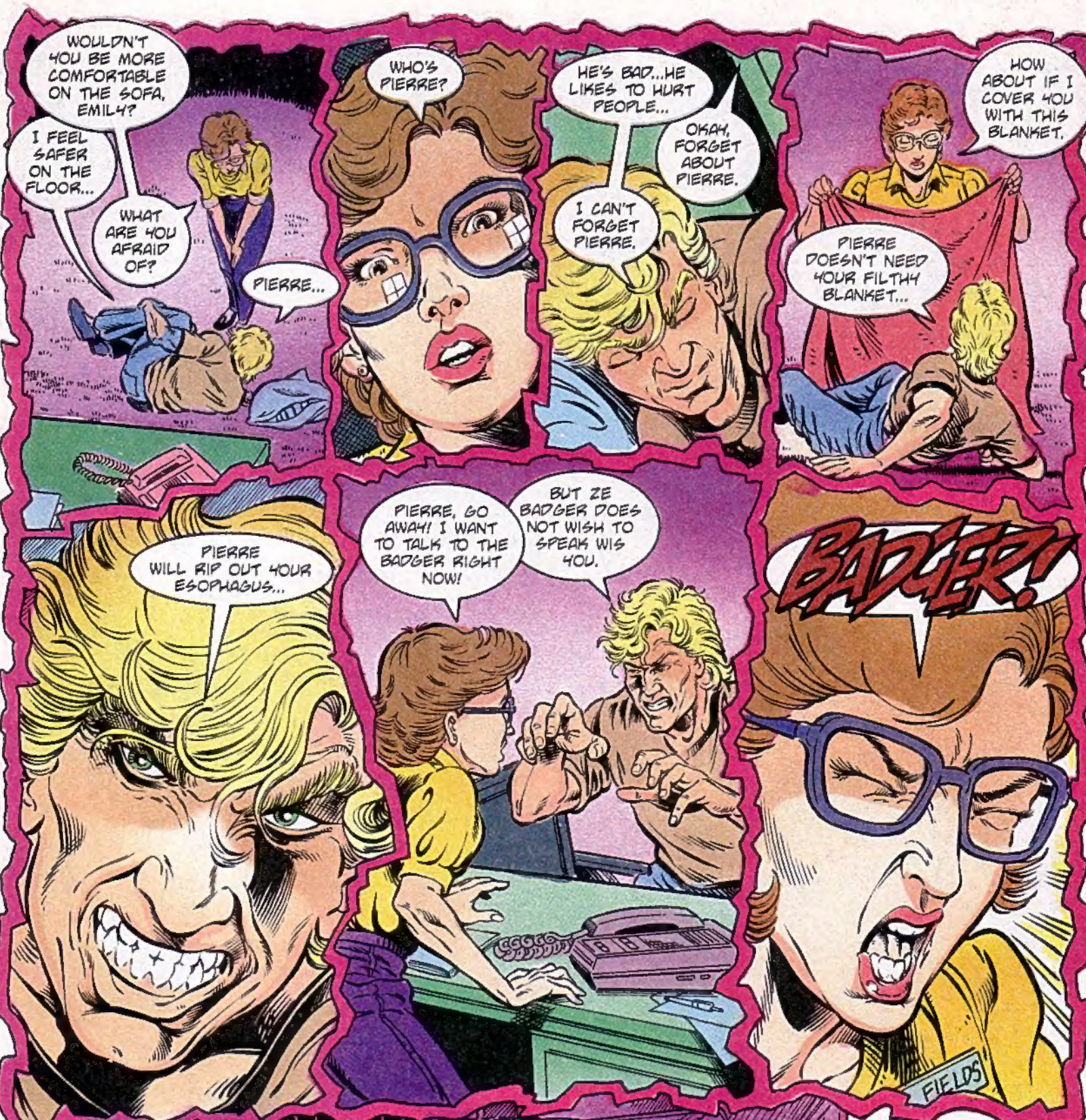
WHO ARE YOU?

EMILY.
HOW OLD ARE YOU, EMILY?

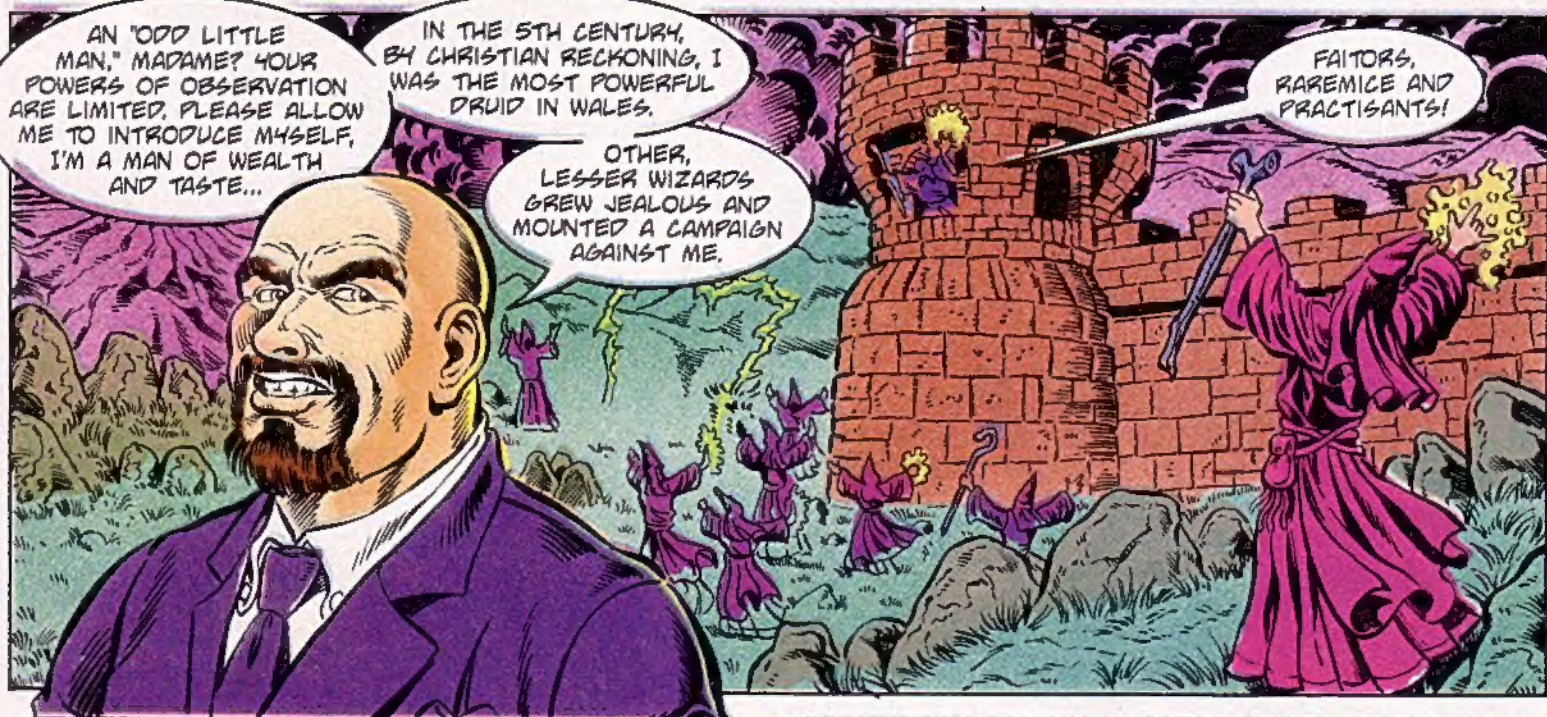
EMILY.

FIVE.

"NO...HE'S JUST A CREEP!"



Thus ended my first session with the Badger. Unknown to me, he had established rapport with his neighbor in D ward, an odd little man who'd been found wandering jay naked in a state forest.



AN 'ODD LITTLE MAN," MADAME? YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION ARE LIMITED. PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, I'M A MAN OF WEALTH AND TASTE...

IN THE 5TH CENTURY, BY CHRISTIAN RECKONING, I WAS THE MOST POWERFUL DRUID IN WALES.

OTHER, LESSER WIZARDS GREW JEALOUS AND MOUNTED A CAMPAIGN AGAINST ME.

FAITORS, RAREMICE AND PRACTISANTS!



EXCUSE ME, HAM, BUT THIS ISN'T THE STORY OF HAM.

ALL RIGHT! YOU'RE A PRACTISANT TOO! HARUMPH!



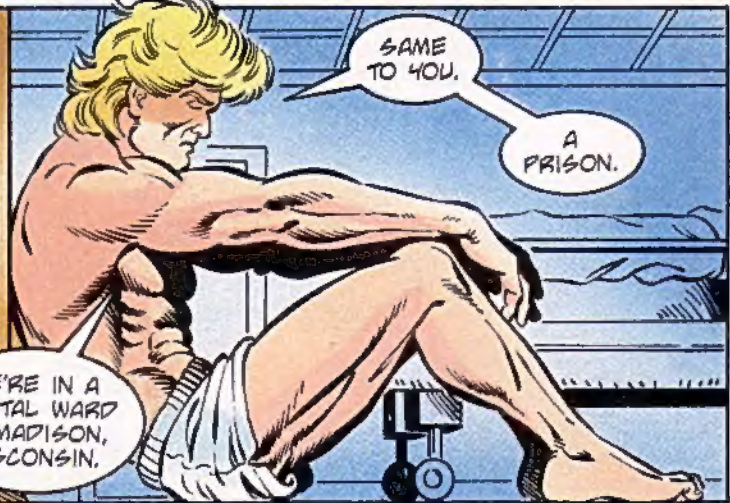
"AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT I WAS ENSCONCED ADJACENT TO THE BADGER..."



GREETINGS.

WHAT PLACE IS THIS?

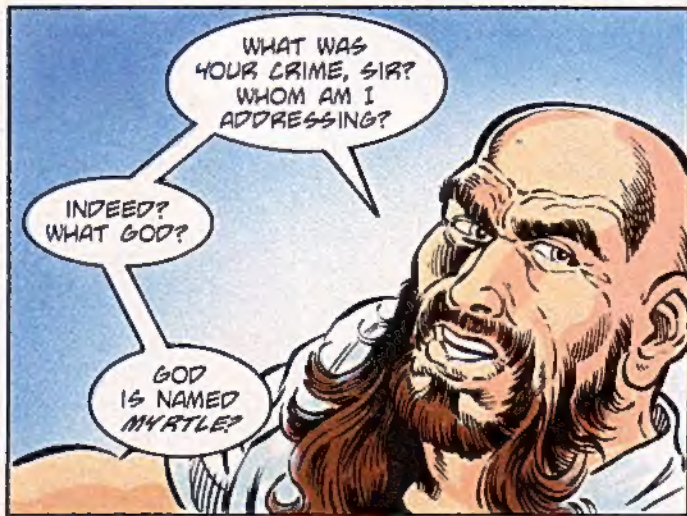
I GATHERED AS MUCH. WHERE ARE WE? ARE WE STILL IN THE SILVER ISLES?



SAME TO YOU.

A PRISON.

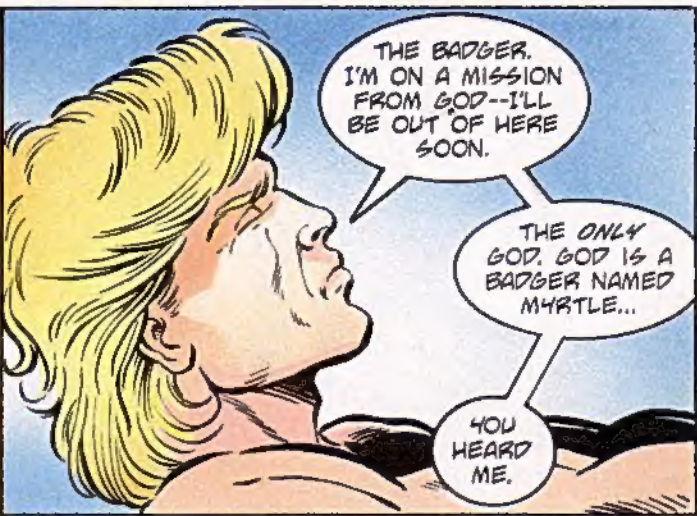
WE'RE IN A MENTAL WARD IN MADISON, WISCONSIN.



WHAT WAS YOUR CRIME, SIR? WHOM AM I ADDRESSING?

INDEED? WHAT GOD?

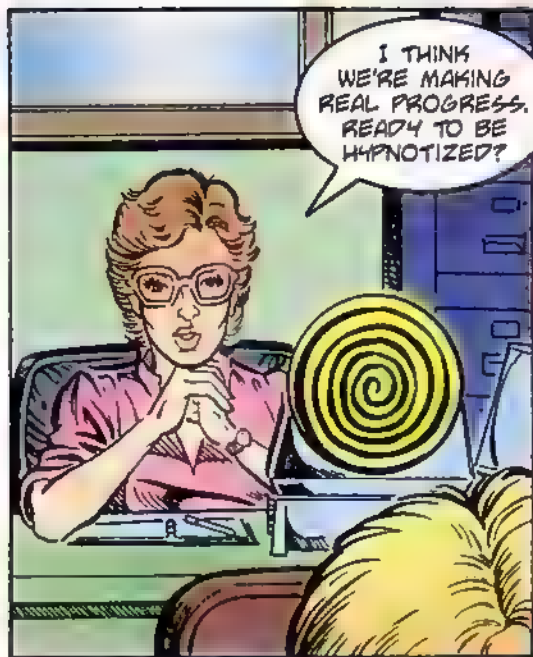
GOD IS NAMED MYRTLE?



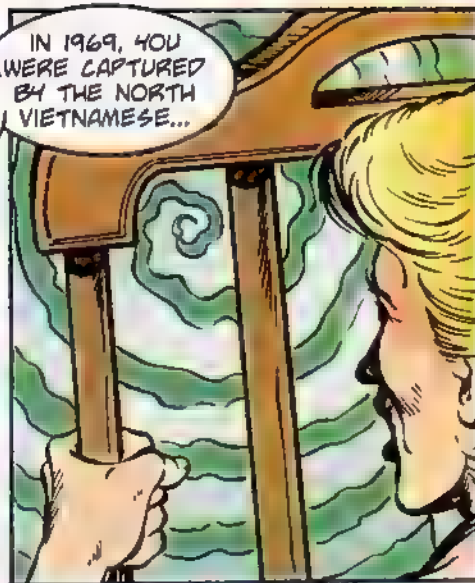
THE BADGER. I'M ON A MISSION FROM GOD--I'LL BE OUT OF HERE SOON.

THE ONLY GOD. GOD IS A BADGER NAMED MYRTLE...

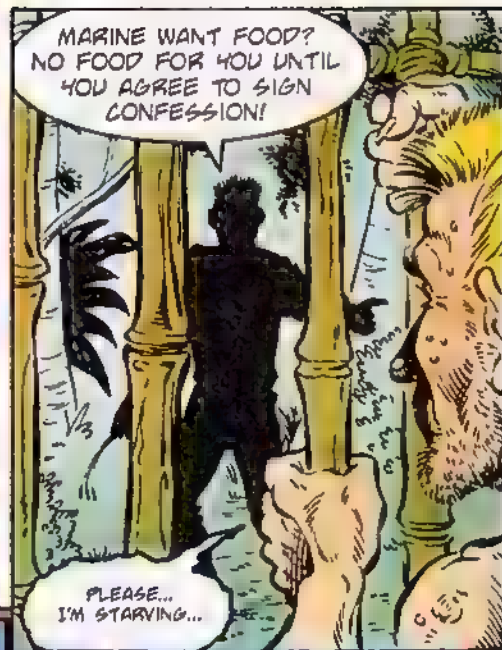
YOU HEARD ME.



I THINK WE'RE MAKING REAL PROGRESS. READY TO BE HYPNOTIZED?

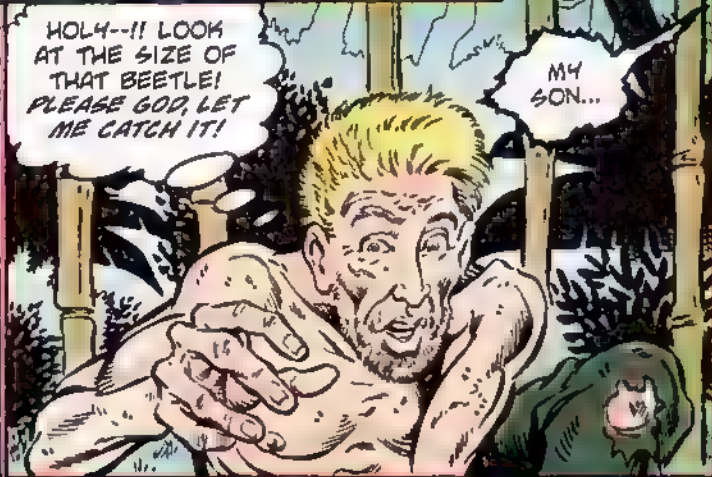


IN 1969, YOU WERE CAPTURED BY THE NORTH VIETNAMESE...



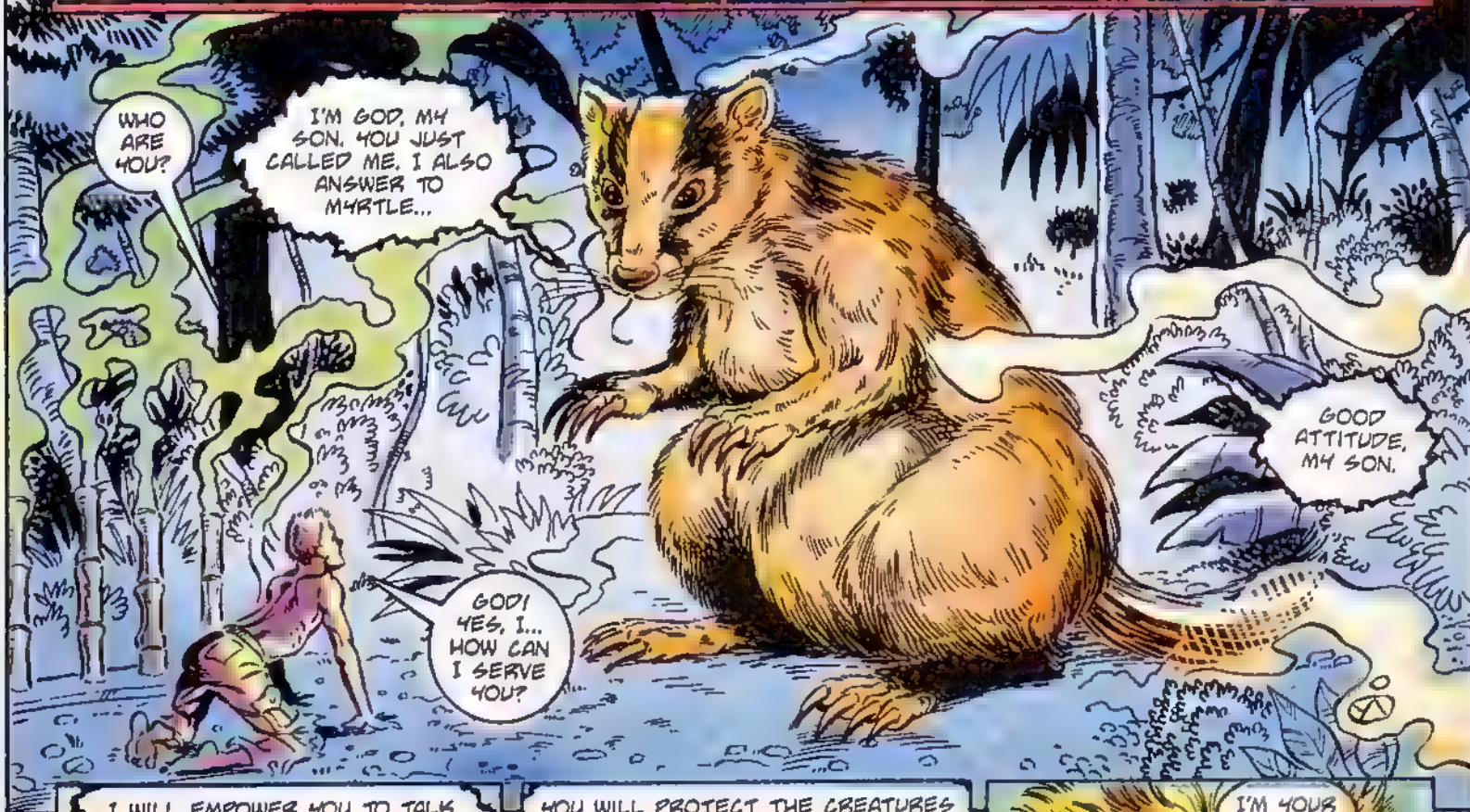
MARINE WANT FOOD? NO FOOD FOR YOU UNTIL YOU AGREE TO SIGN CONFESSION!

PLEASE... I'M STARVING...



HOLY--!! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT BEETLE! PLEASE GOD, LET ME CATCH IT!

MY SON...

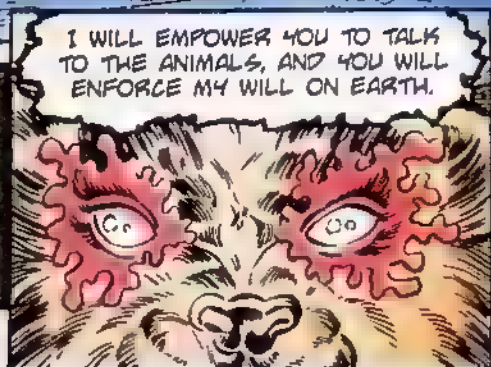


WHO ARE YOU?

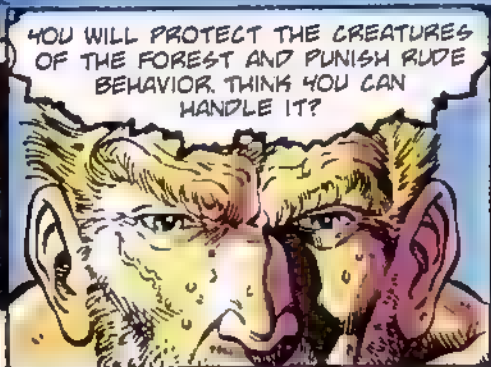
I'M GOD, MY SON. YOU JUST CALLED ME. I ALSO ANSWER TO MYRTLE...

GOD! YES, I... HOW CAN I SERVE YOU?

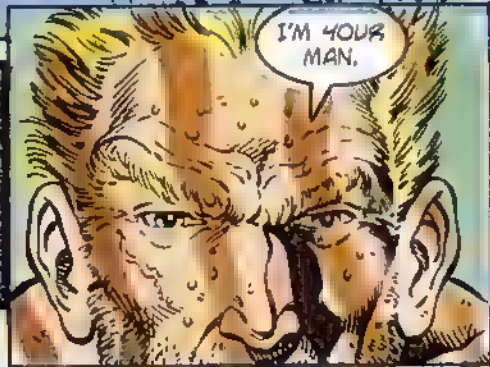
GOOD ATTITUDE, MY SON.



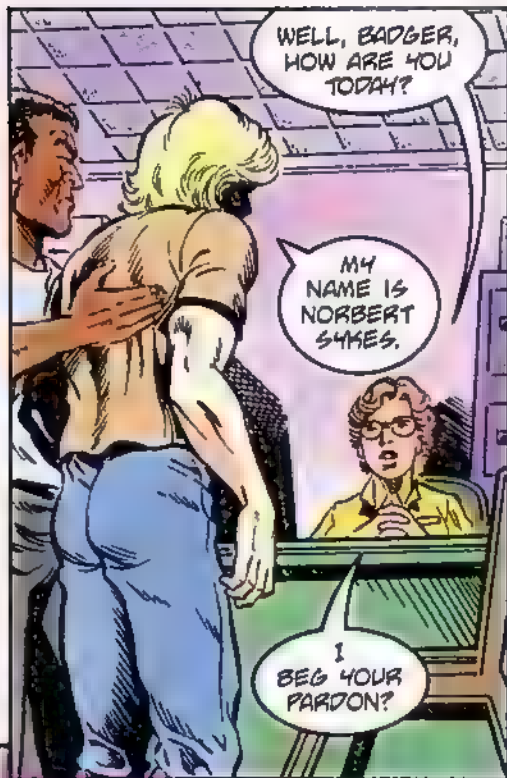
I WILL EMPOWER YOU TO TALK TO THE ANIMALS, AND YOU WILL ENFORCE MY WILL ON EARTH.



YOU WILL PROTECT THE CREATURES OF THE FOREST AND PUNISH RUDE BEHAVIOR. THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT?



I'M YOUR MAN.



WELL, BADGER, HOW ARE YOU TODAY?

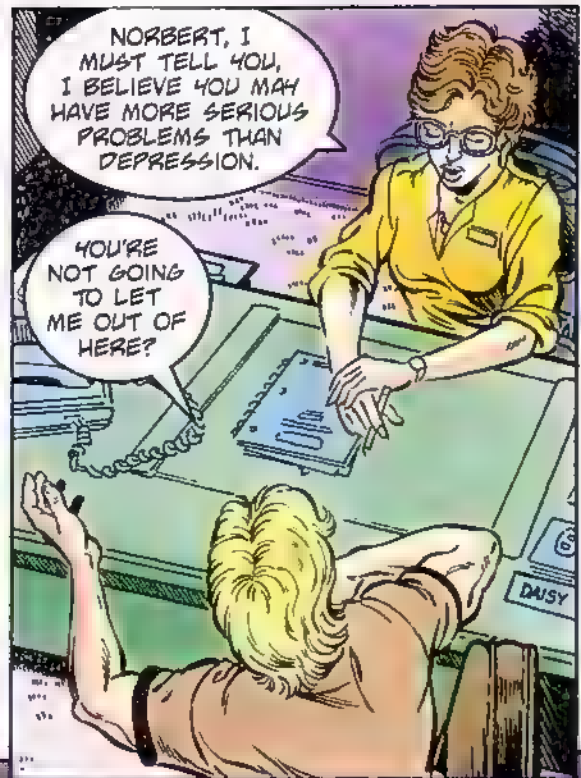
MY NAME IS NORBERT SYKES.

I BEG YOUR PARDON?



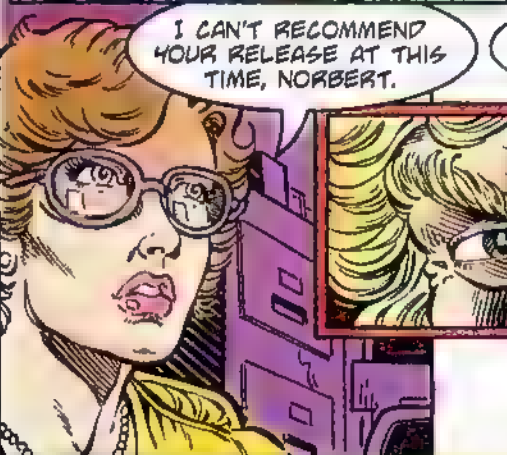
LISTEN, DOC, I'VE BEEN DEPRESSED LATELY...I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO HOLD A JOB...I WAS JUST PUTTING ON AN ACT TO GET SYMPATHY AND AVOID RESPONSIBILITY.

"NATURALLY I WAS SKEPTICAL."



NORBERT, I MUST TELL YOU, I BELIEVE YOU MAY HAVE MORE SERIOUS PROBLEMS THAN DEPRESSION.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET ME OUT OF HERE?

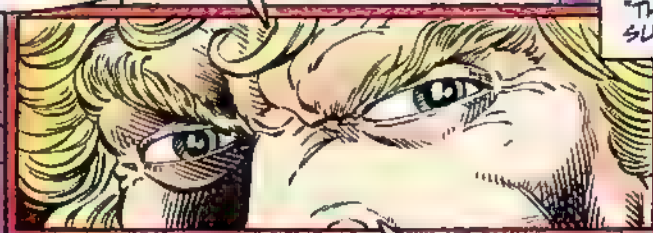


I CAN'T RECOMMEND YOUR RELEASE AT THIS TIME, NORBERT.

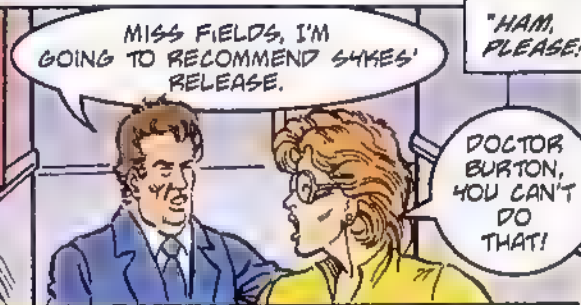
FINE.

"UNFORTUNATELY, BADGER BECAME A VICTIM OF REAGAN ADMINISTRATION POLICIES..."

"THAT'S RIGHT, MS. FIELDS--BLAME IT ON REAGAN. I SUPPOSE IT'S HIS FAULT MT. ST. HELENS BLEW UP."



NOT NORBERT, BADGER.



MISS FIELDS, I'M GOING TO RECOMMEND SYKES' RELEASE.

"HAM, PLEASE!"

DOCTOR BURTON, YOU CAN'T DO THAT!



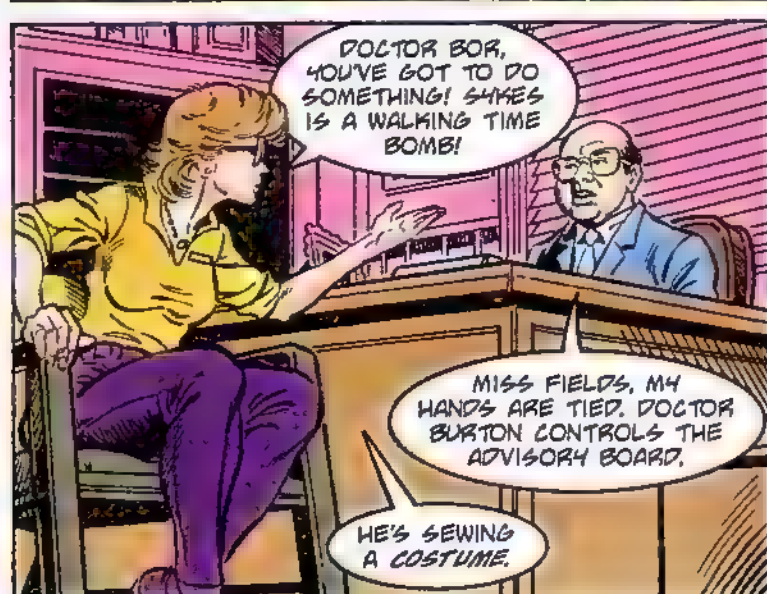
CERTAINLY I CAN. I'M A SENIOR STAFF MEMBER.

BUT DOCTOR BURTON! NORBERT'S SUFFERING FROM MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER!

MISS FIELDS, YOU'RE YOUNG...

I NEVER MET A GRADUATE WHO DIDN'T "DISCOVER" A MULTIPLE DURING HER FIRST WEEK ON THE JOB..

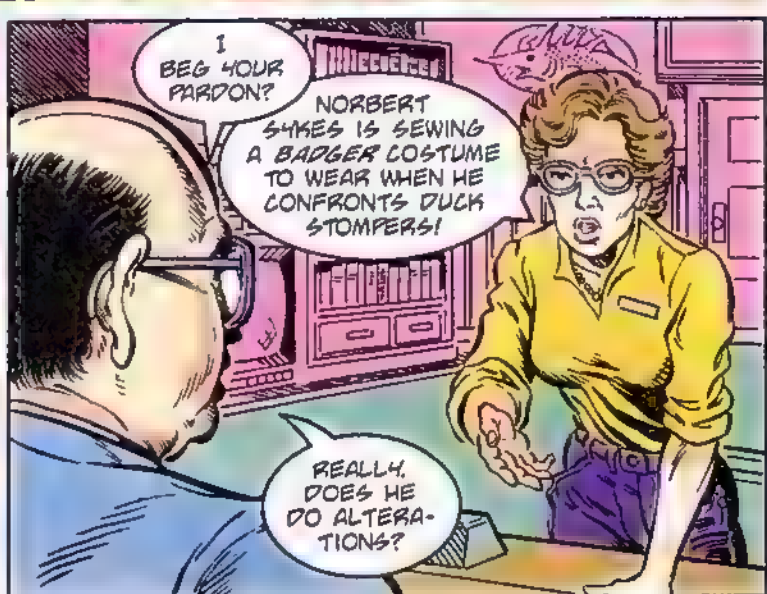
DOCTOR BURTON, I BEG YOU TO RECONSIDER.



DOCTOR BOR, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! SYKES IS A WALKING TIME BOMB!

MISS FIELDS, MY HANDS ARE TIED. DOCTOR BURTON CONTROLS THE ADVISORY BOARD.

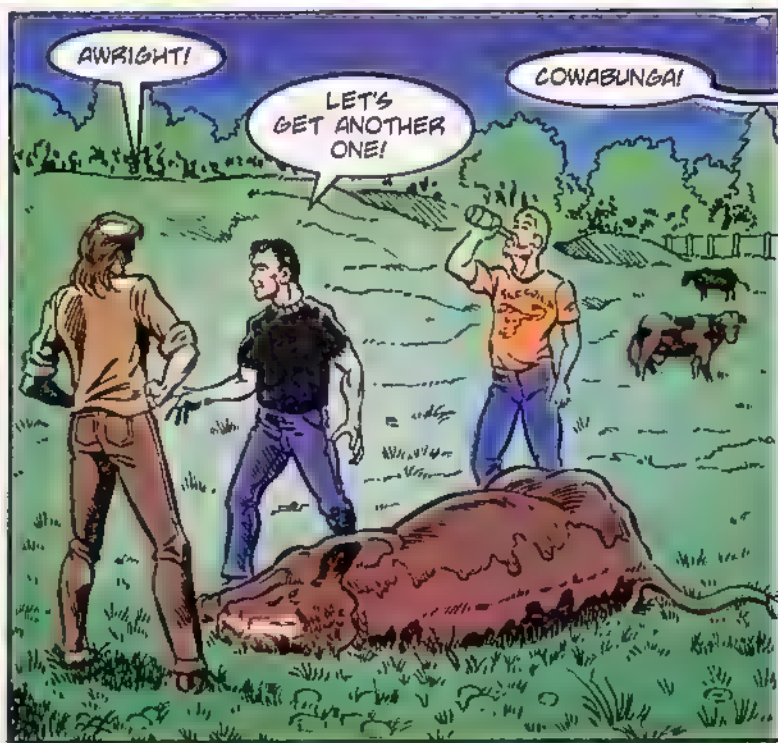
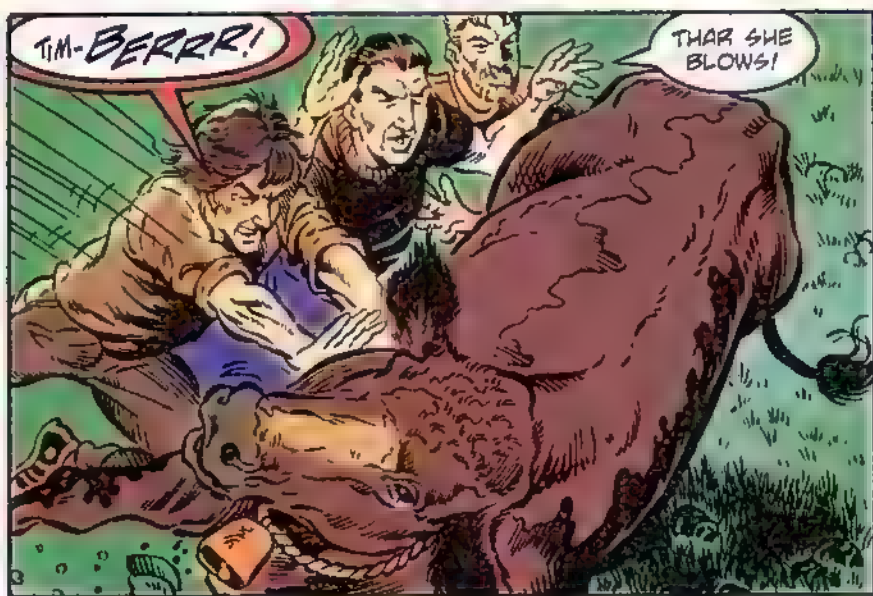
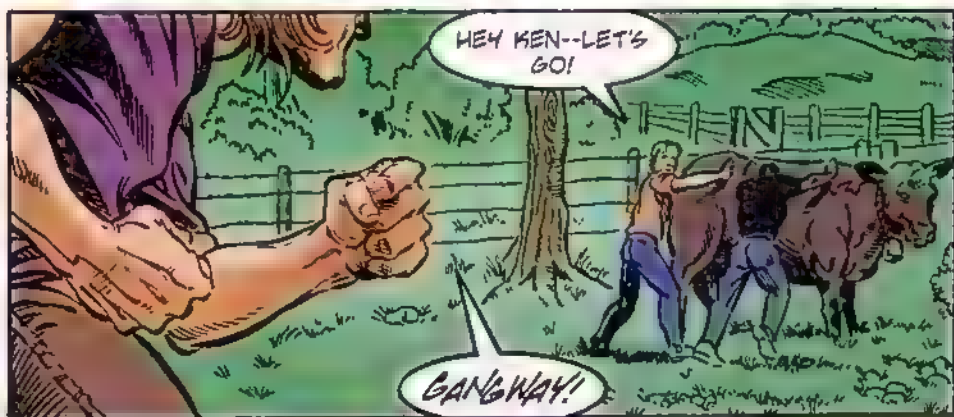
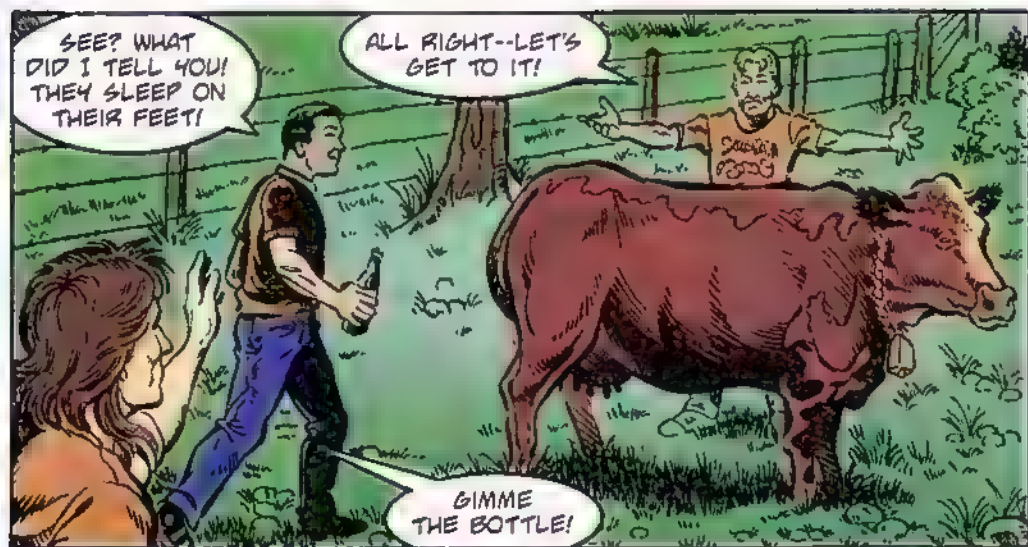
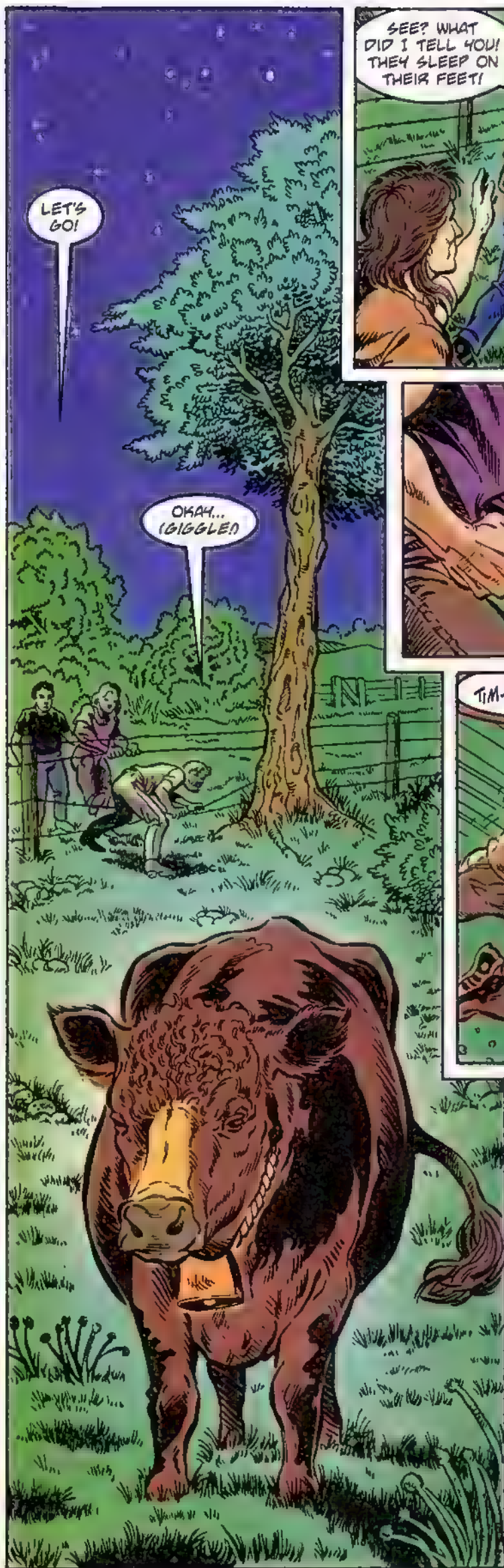
HE'S SEWING A COSTUME.

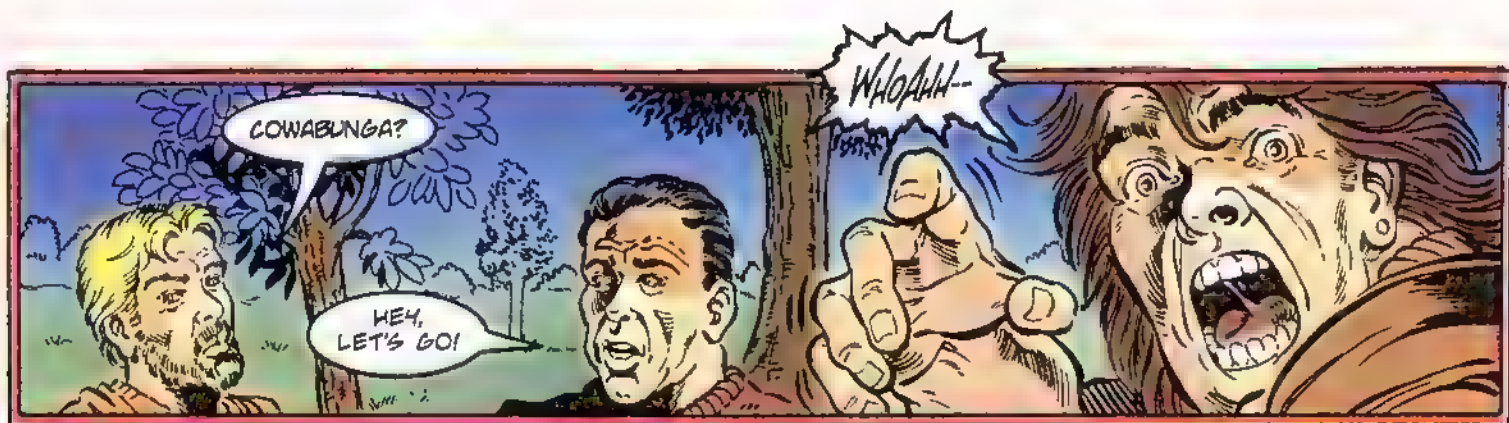


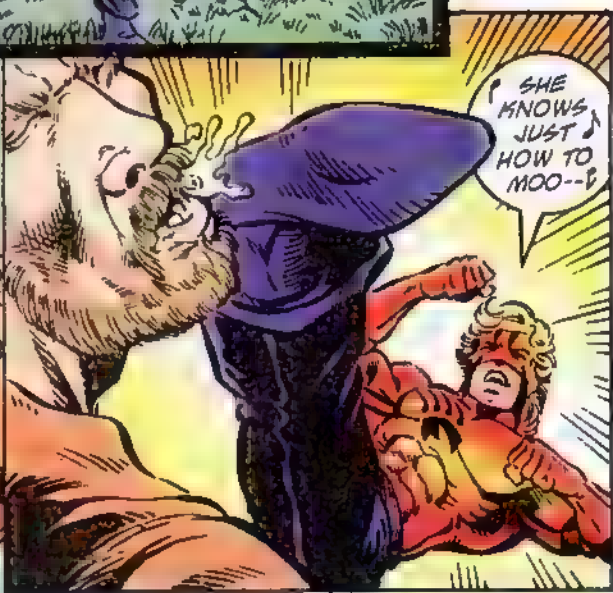
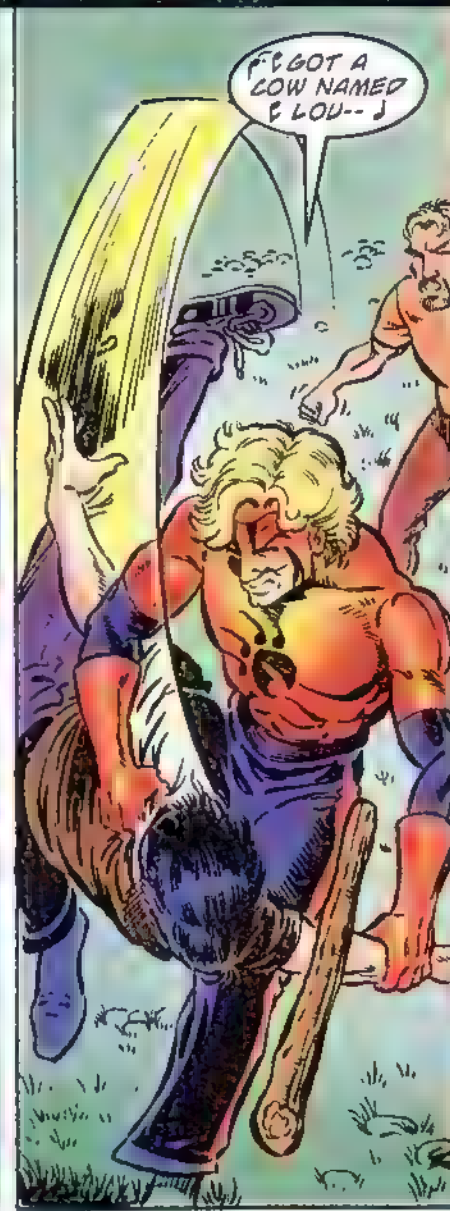
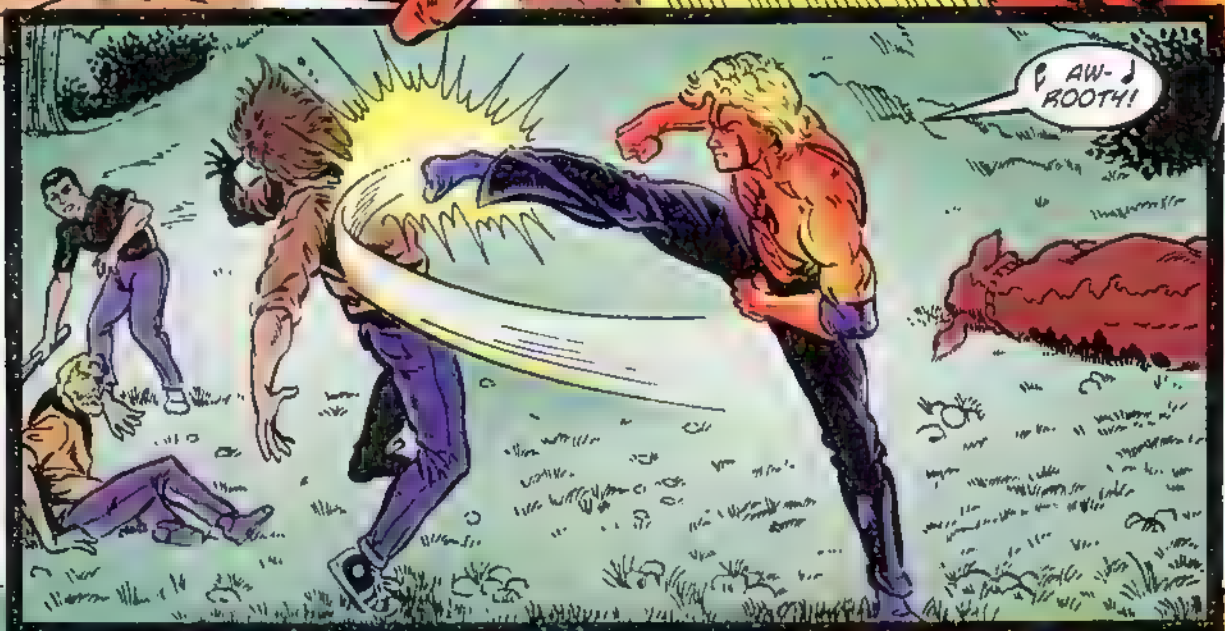
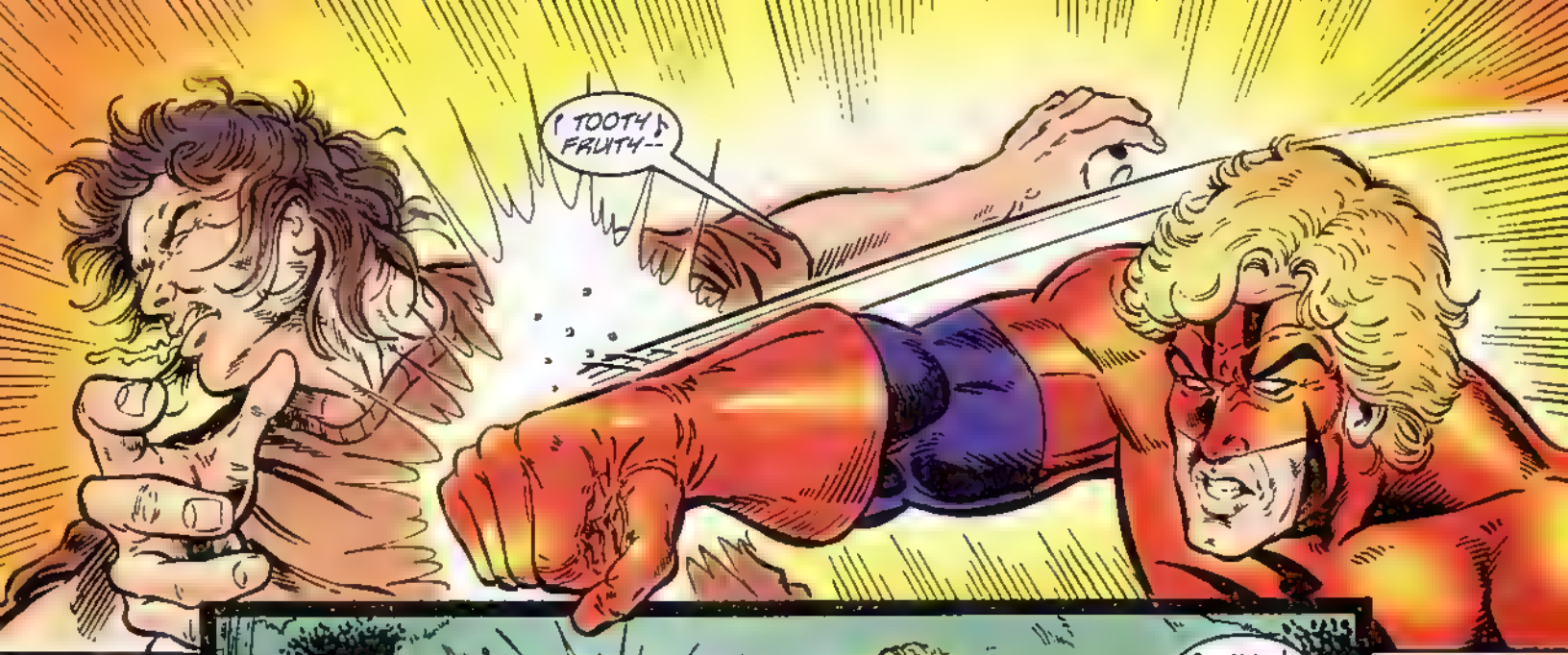
I BEG YOUR PARDON?

NORBERT SYKES IS SEWING A BADGER COSTUME TO WEAR WHEN HE CONFRONTS DUCK STOMPERS!

REALLY, DOES HE DO ALTERATIONS?







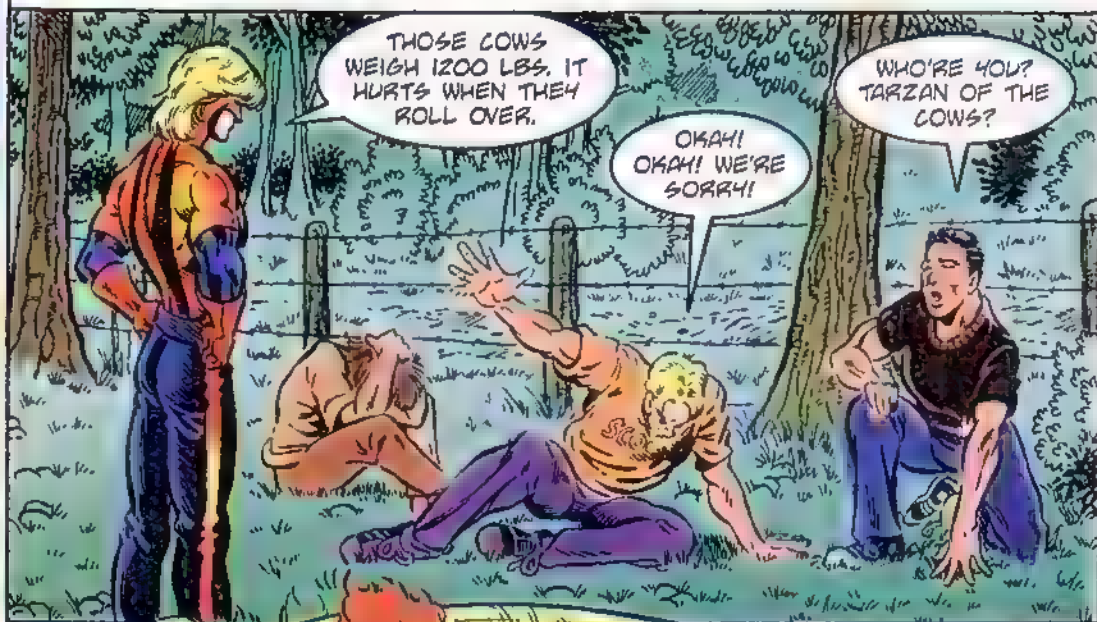
BUT ONE THING
SHE NEVER DOES IS
LIE DOWN ON THE JOB--
NOT EVEN WHEN SHE'S
SLEEPING.



THOSE COWS
WEIGH 1200 LBS. IT
HURTS WHEN THEY
ROLL OVER.

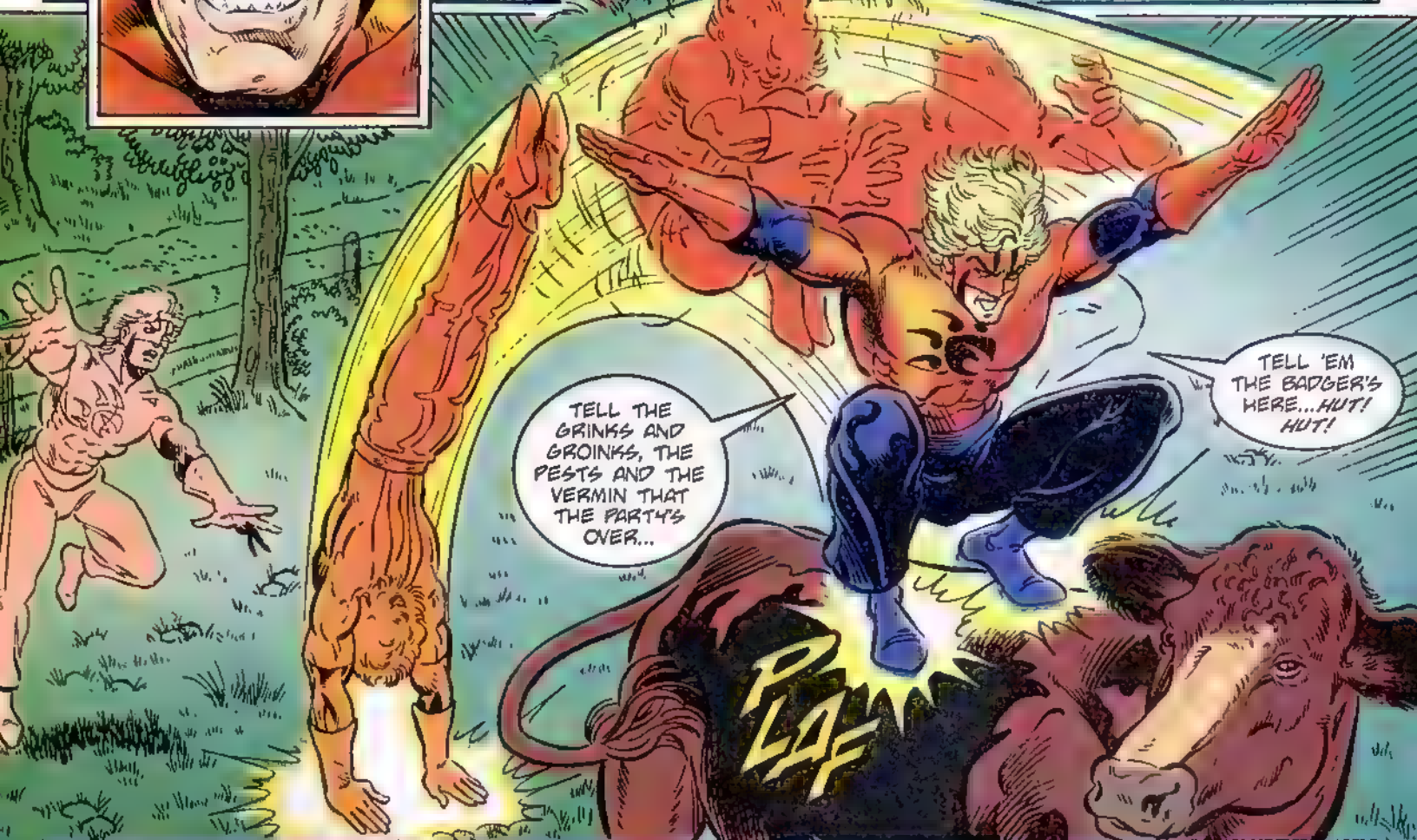
OKAY!
OKAY! WE'RE
SORRY!

WHO'RE YOU?
TARZAN OF THE
COWS?



TELL THE
GRINKS AND
GROINKS, THE
PESTS AND THE
VERMIN THAT
THE PARTY'S
OVER...

TELL 'EM
THE BADGER'S
HERE...HUT!
HUT!



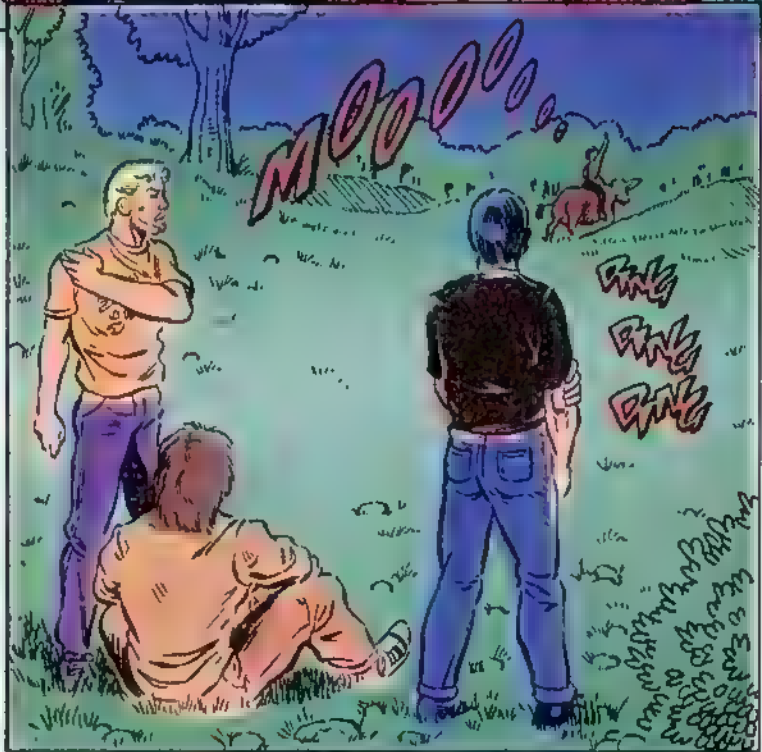
TELL
'EM...

...NEVER
MIND.



MOOOO

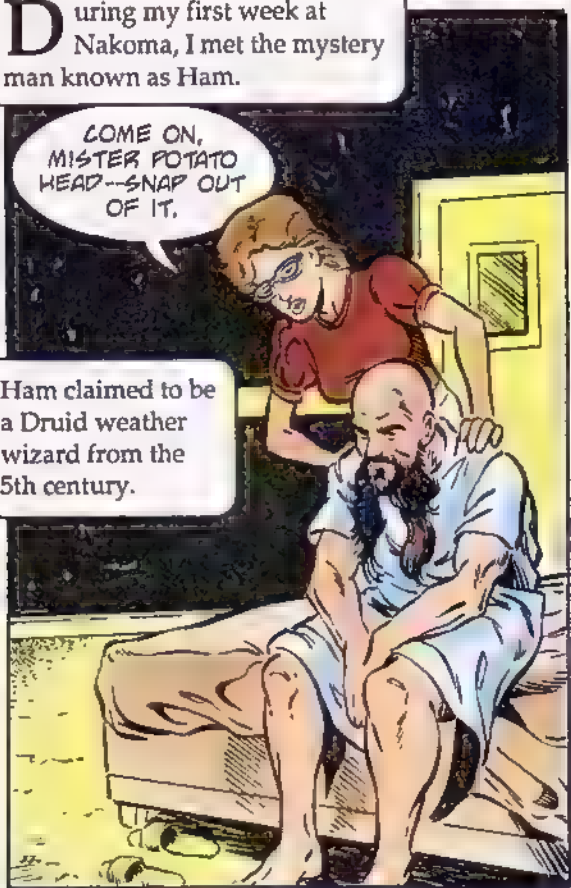
PING
PING
PING



During my first week at Nakoma, I met the mystery man known as Ham.

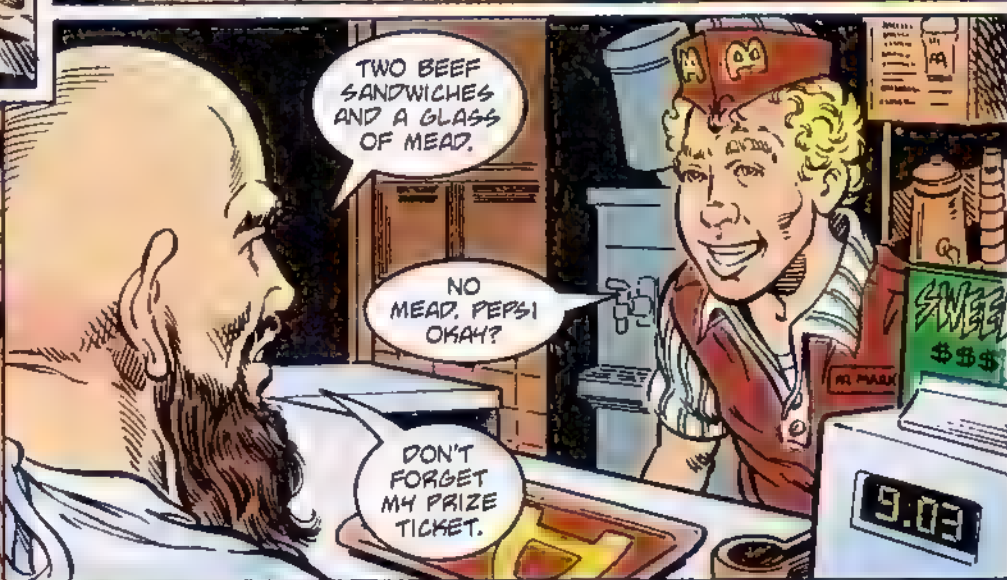
COME ON, MISTER POTATO HEAD--SNAP OUT OF IT.

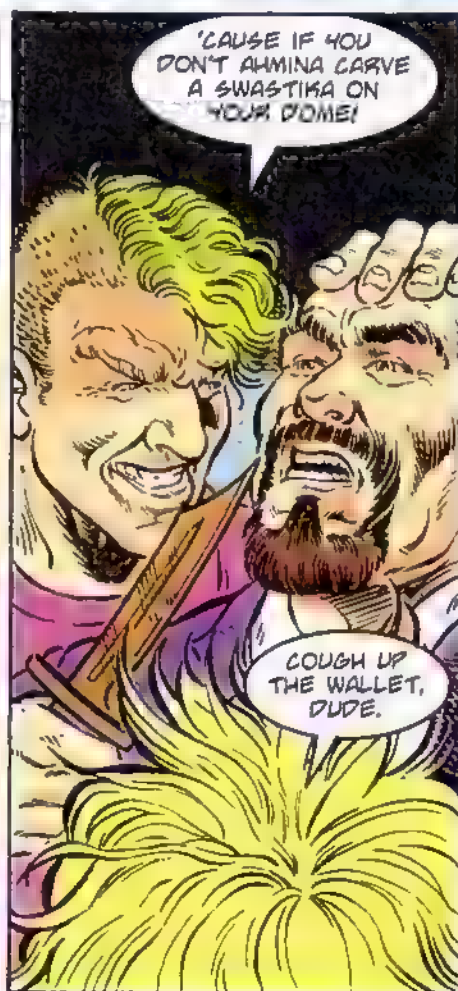
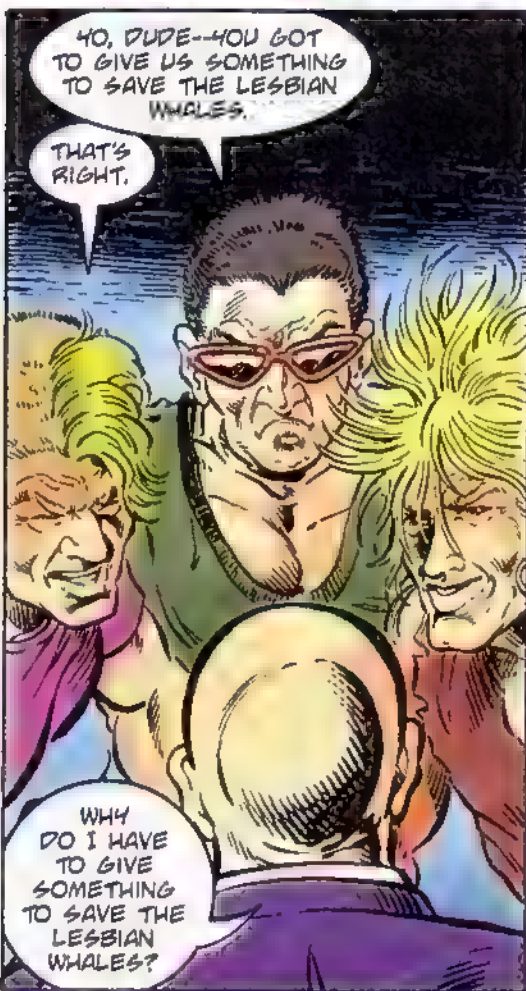
Ham claimed to be a Druid weather wizard from the 5th century.

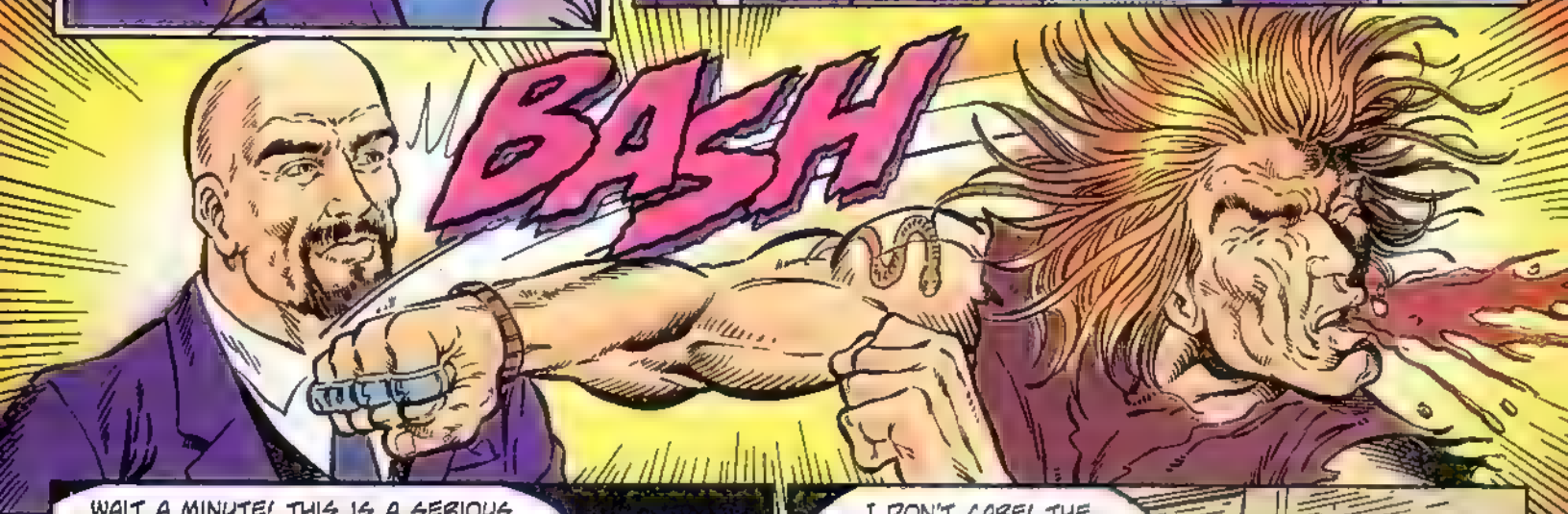
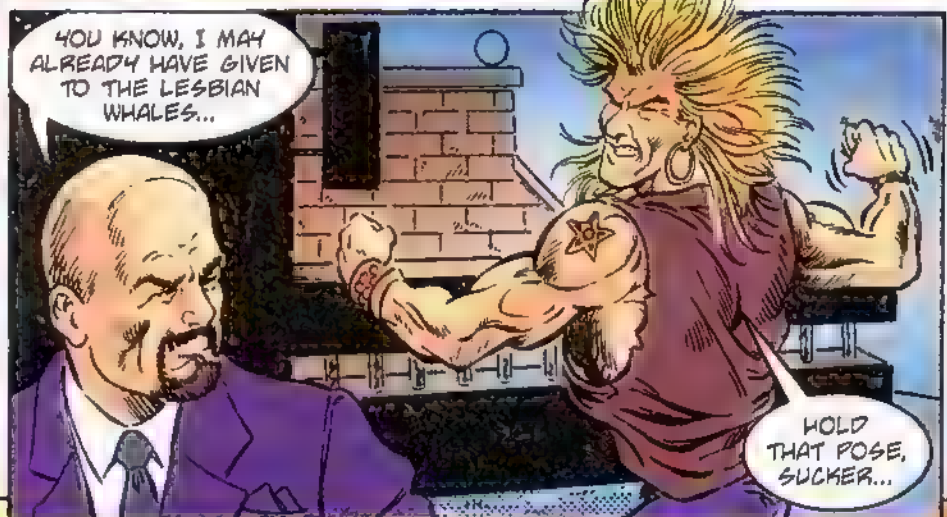
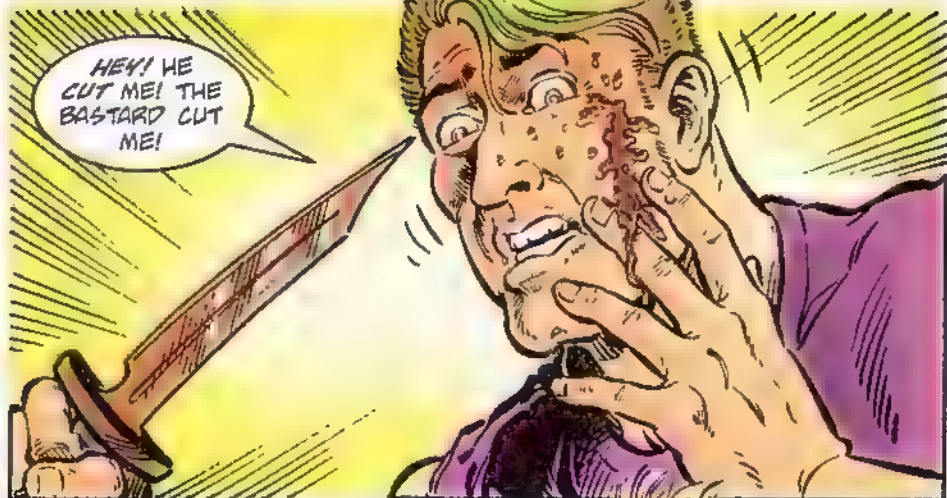
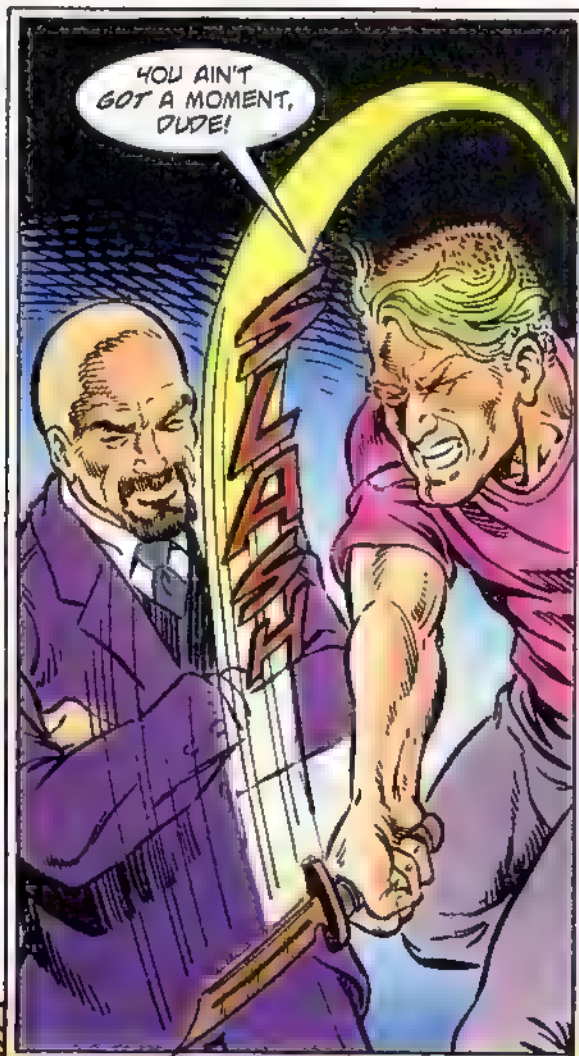


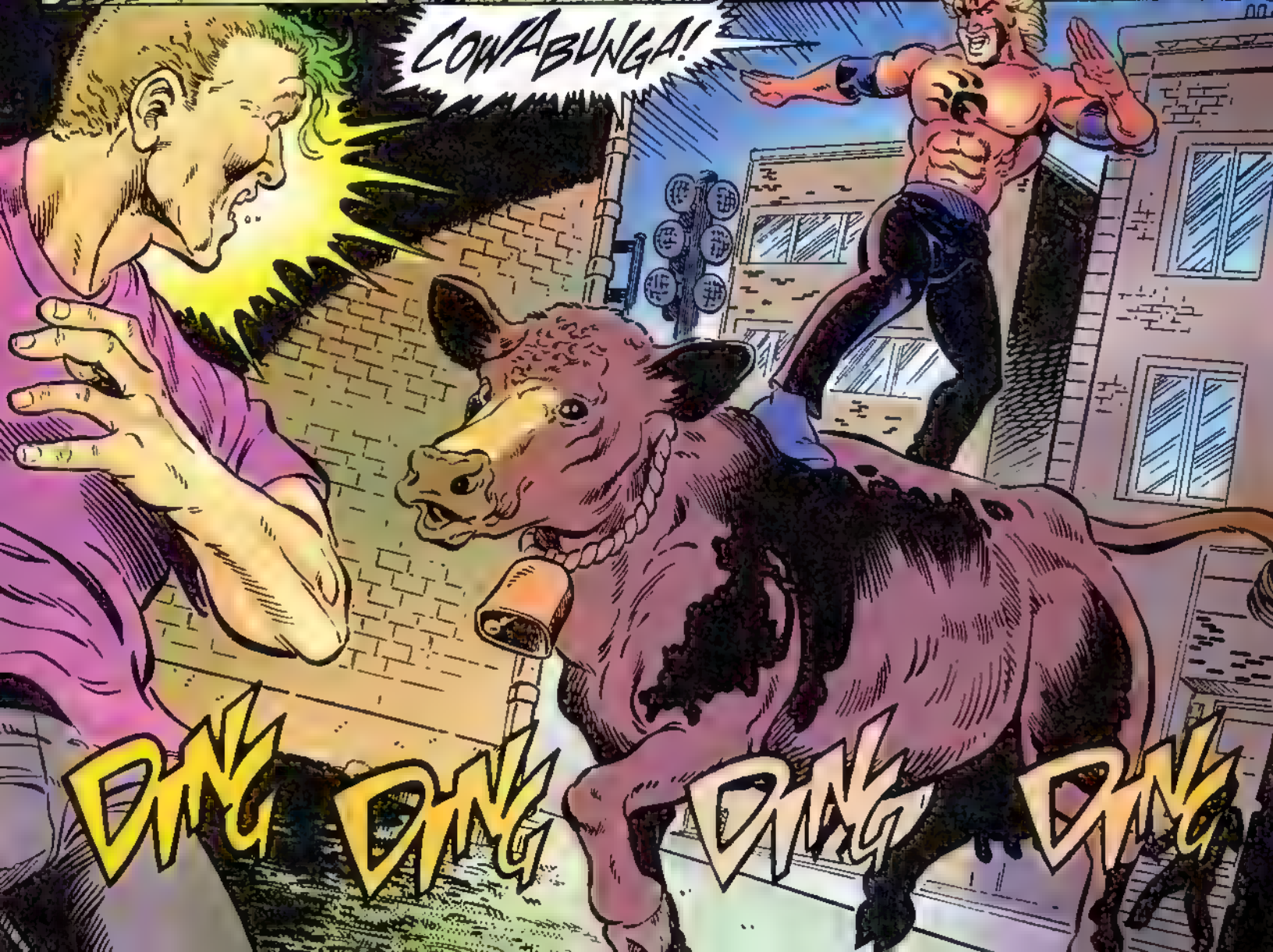
Ham had arranged his own release.

SPARE CHANGE?

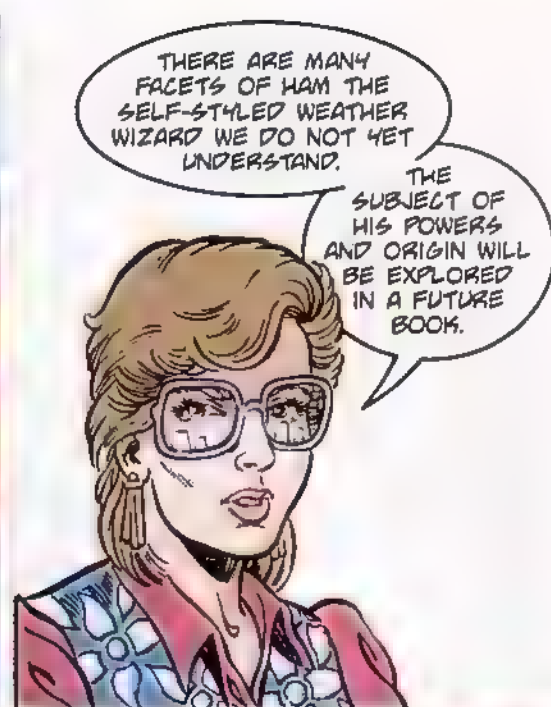










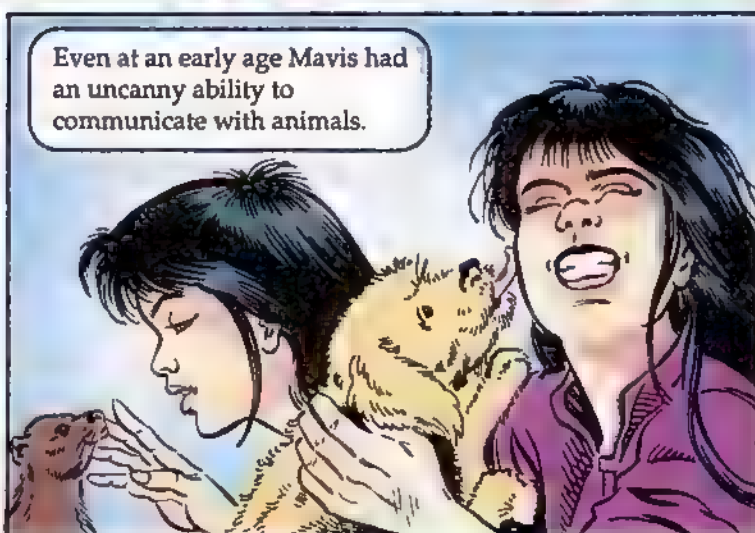


Badger met his wife Mavis at the Tournament of the Lotors in China in 1987. They competed against each other for the grand prize, whatever they wished. Badger won and used his wish to bring Mavis back from the dead.

Mavis was raised in a small village in Vietnam where she learned shamanistic practices from her grandmother. Her father taught her kung fu.



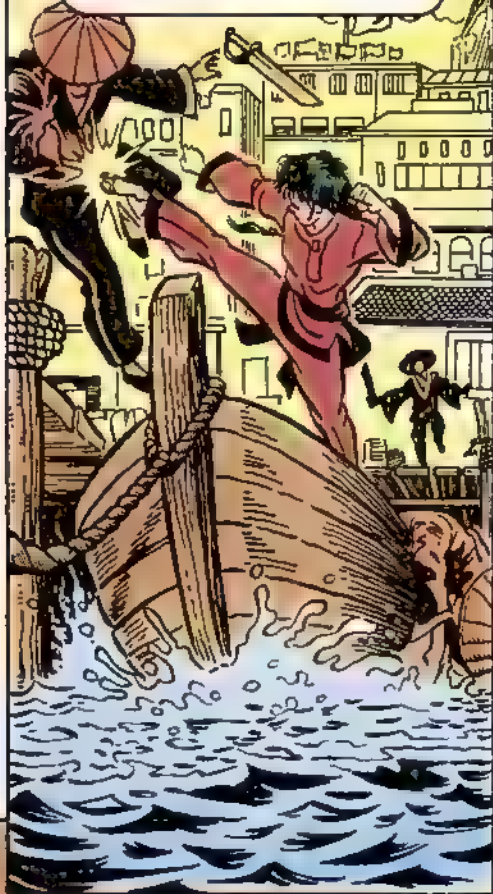
Even at an early age Mavis had an uncanny ability to communicate with animals.



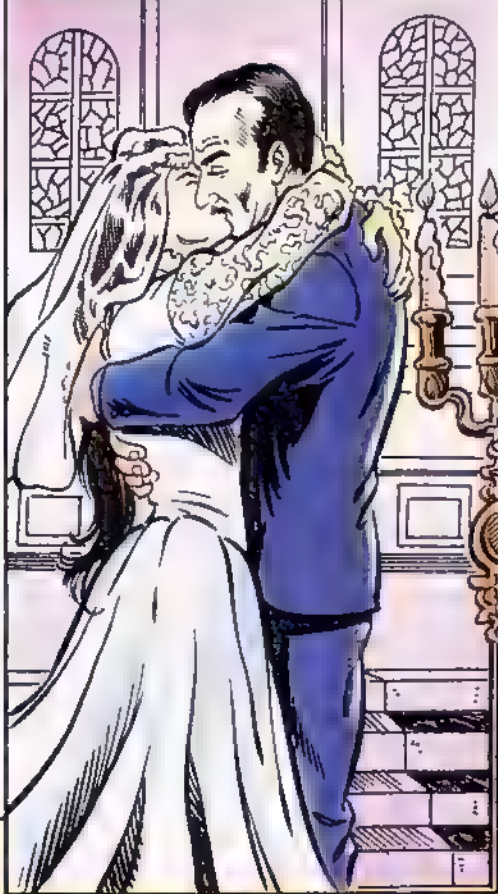
Later she studied medicine at the Ecurie Institute in Ho Chi Minh City.



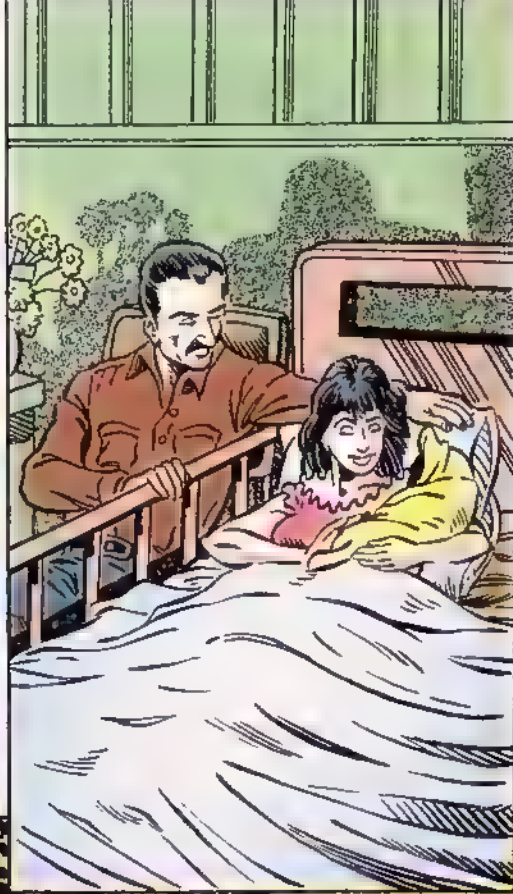
For reasons she has never fully explained, Mavis commandeered a dinghy and escaped to an Australian trawler.



She made her way to Chicago where she married Dr. Brewster Davis and completed her medical studies at Northwestern University.



Forsaking her internship to become a mother, Mavis gave birth to two children, Meldrick and Joan, in rapid succession. Dr. Davis was pleased.



He took the kids with him one night to pick up a pizza and their Volvo was struck by a drunk in a Buick. Dr. Davis, Meldrick and Joan were killed instantly.



Mavis renewed her study of the martial arts, intending to win the Tournament of the Lotors so she could wish her family back to life.



But long before that, this happened.

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. I SUPPORT YOUR CAMPAIGN FOR JUSTICE. YOU'LL NEED A PLACE TO LIVE, A MEANS OF SUPPORT...



Ham purchased a transplanted Welsh castle south of Barneveld and installed Badger as his aide de camp and general factotum, and the author of this book as his personal secretary.

I took the job to stay close to my subject and not, as some claim, because I was fired from the hospital.

DAISY?

NOK NOK

JUST A MINUTE...

I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR WRITING THIS BOOK AND STAYING WITH ME WHEN THE DOCTORS GAVE UP.

YOU'RE WELCOME.

I WISH TO CONGRATULATE BRILLIANT DOCTOR FIELDS ON HER BOOK TOO.

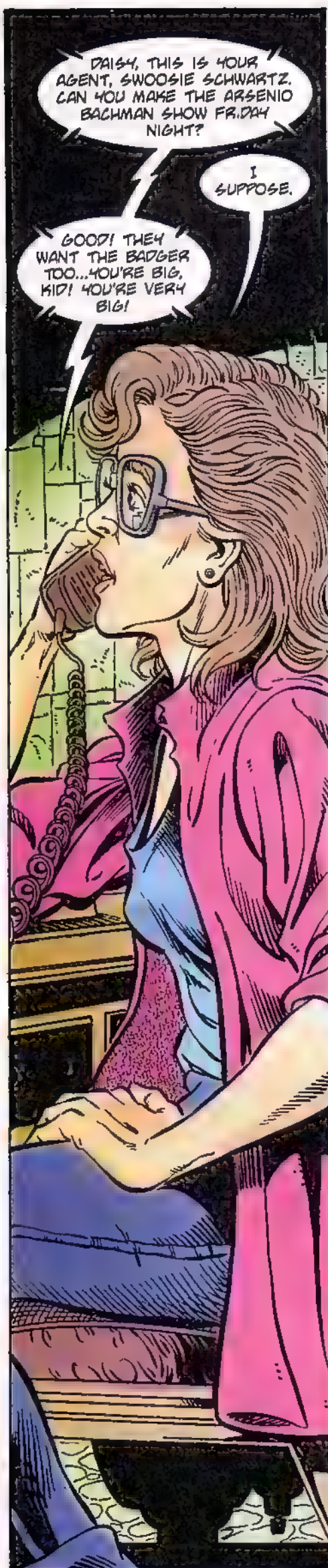
MAVIS! YOU CAN'T BE HERE!

YES SHE CAN. IT'S 1990.

I TOO AM FILLED WITH ADMIRATION FOR YOUR ACHIEVEMENT, MS. FIELDS... AHEN!...YOU WEREN'T SERIOUS ABOUT DOING A BOOK ON ME, WERE YOU?

DON'T BE SILLY. WHO'D BELIEVE SUCH A THING?

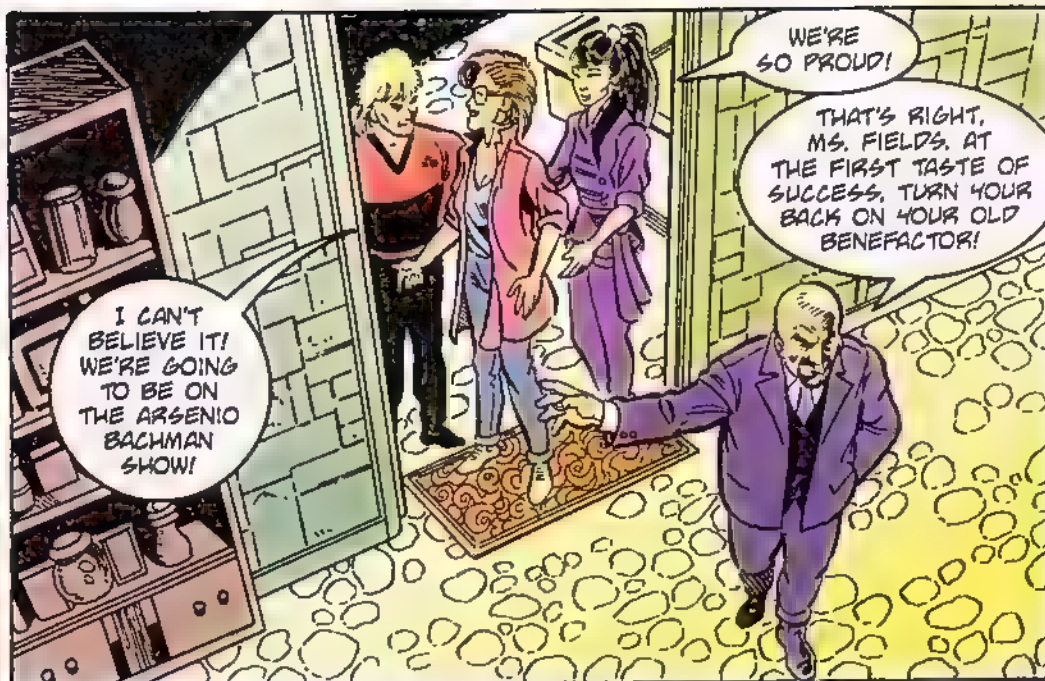
HARUMPH! WELL, A SERIOUS BOOK DEALING WITH MY BUSINESS STRATEGY COULD BE INVALUABLE TO THE INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY...TRUMP'S GOT A BOOK--TWO OF THEM!



DAISY, THIS IS YOUR AGENT, SWOOSIE SCHWARTZ. CAN YOU MAKE THE ARSENIO BACHMAN SHOW FRIDAY NIGHT?

I SUPPOSE.

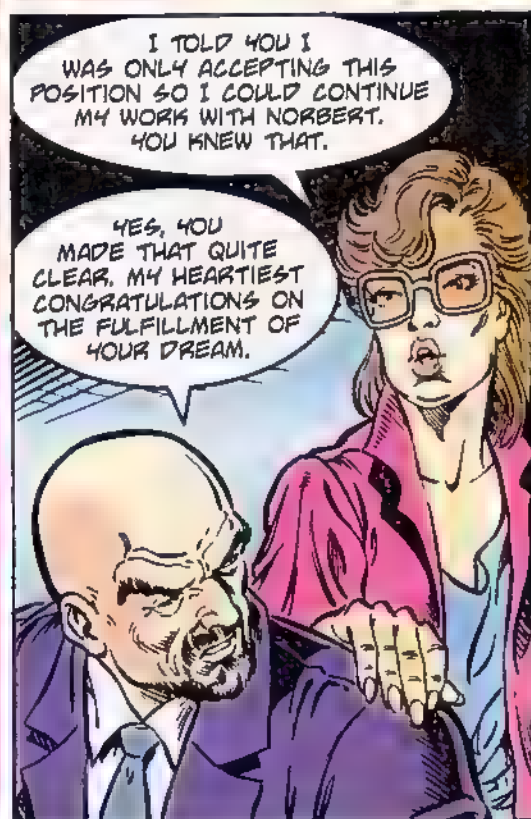
GOOD! THEY WANT THE BADGER TOO...YOU'RE BIG, KID! YOU'RE VERY BIG!



WE'RE SO PROUD!

THAT'S RIGHT, MS. FIELDS. AT THE FIRST TASTE OF SUCCESS, TURN YOUR BACK ON YOUR OLD BENEFACTOR!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WE'RE GOING TO BE ON THE ARSENIO BACHMAN SHOW!

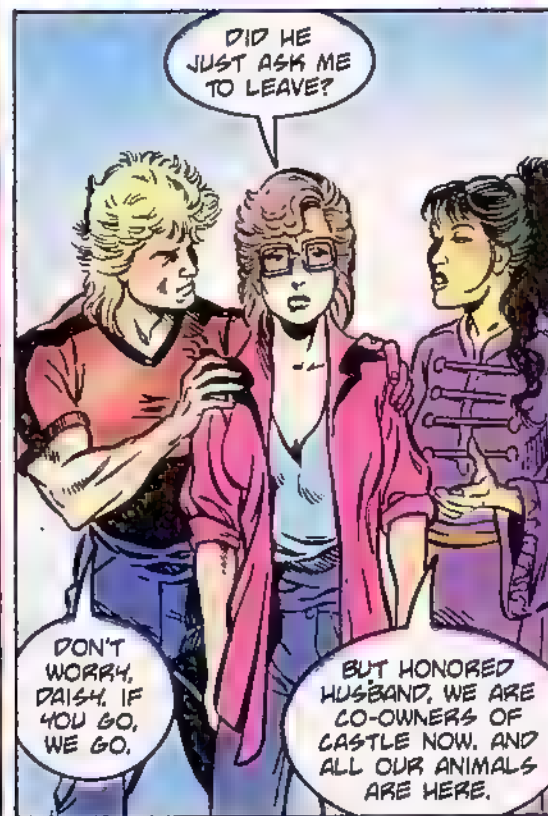


I TOLD YOU I WAS ONLY ACCEPTING THIS POSITION SO I COULD CONTINUE MY WORK WITH NORBERT. YOU KNEW THAT.

YES, YOU MADE THAT QUITE CLEAR. MY HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS ON THE FULFILLMENT OF YOUR DREAM.



NOW THAT YOUR WORK IS FINISHED, PERHAPS YOU'LL CONSIDER LOOKING FOR NEW QUARTERS. I'LL NEED THAT SPACE FOR MY NEW SECRETARY.



DID HE JUST ASK ME TO LEAVE?

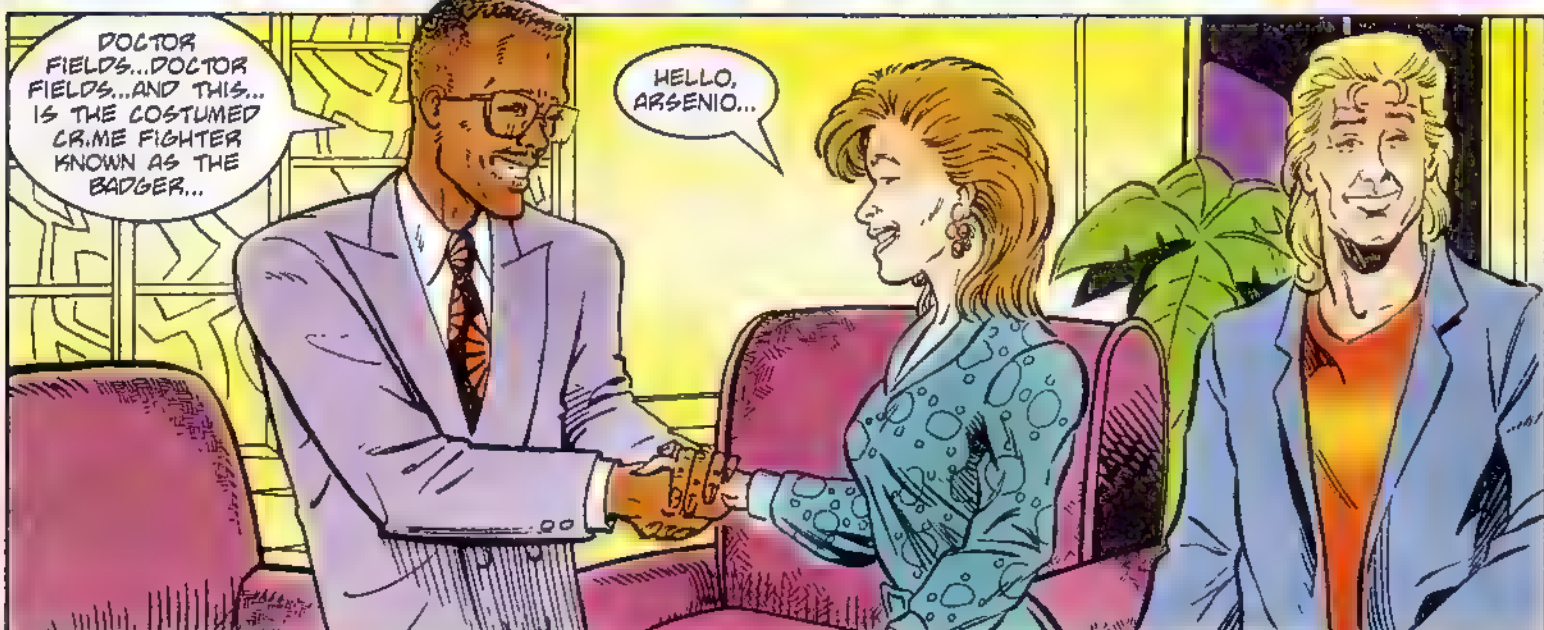
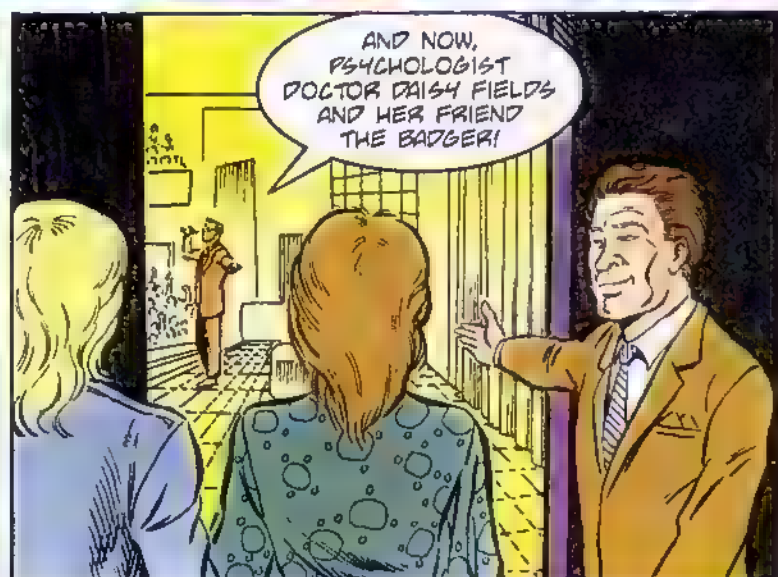
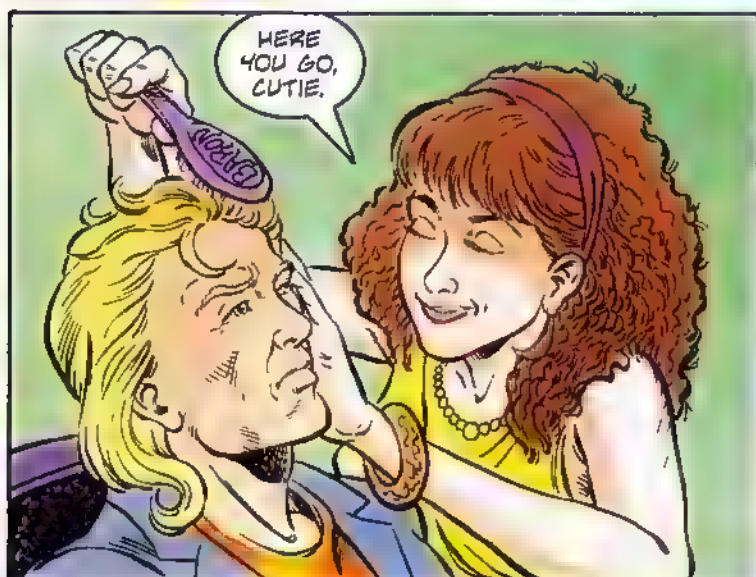
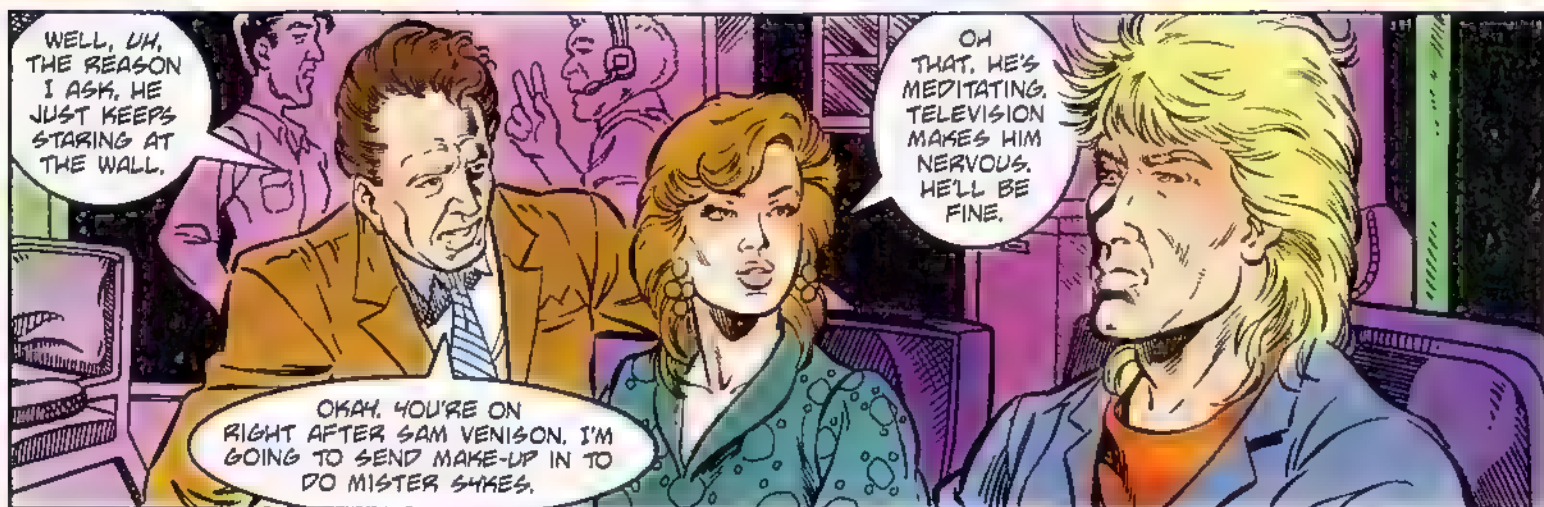
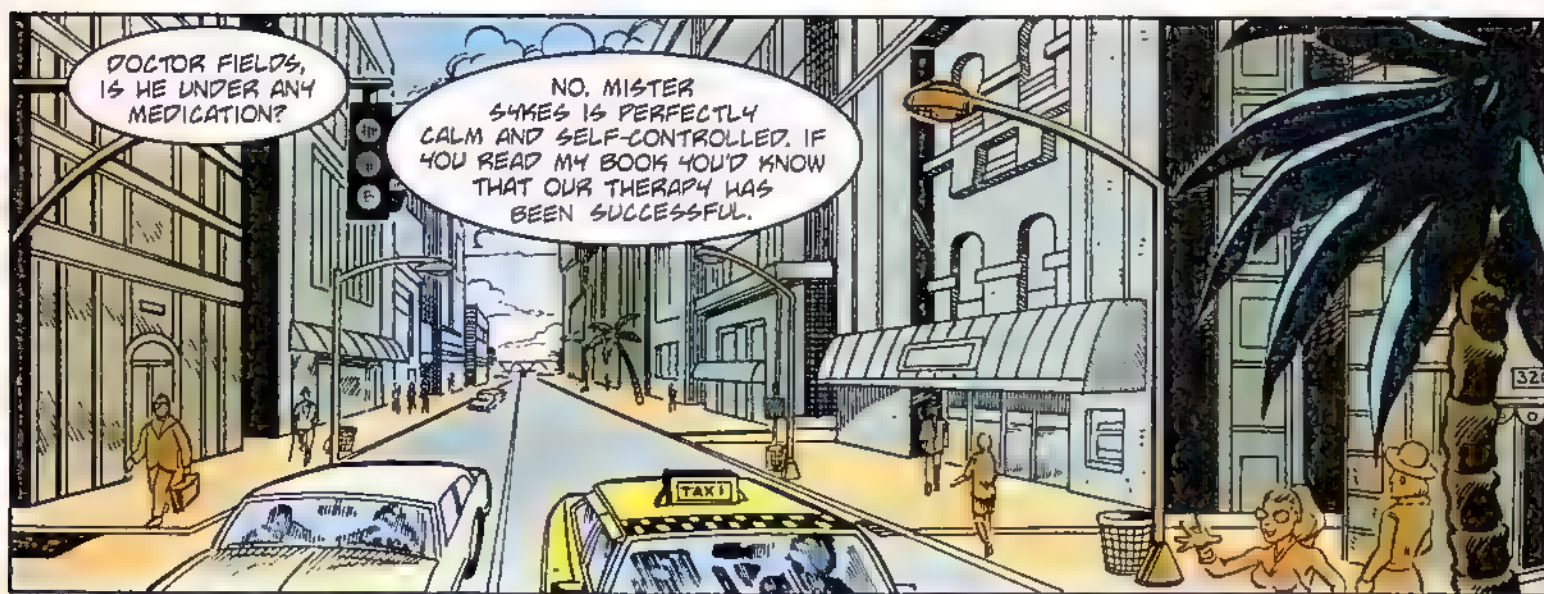
DON'T WORRY, DAISY. IF YOU GO, WE GO.

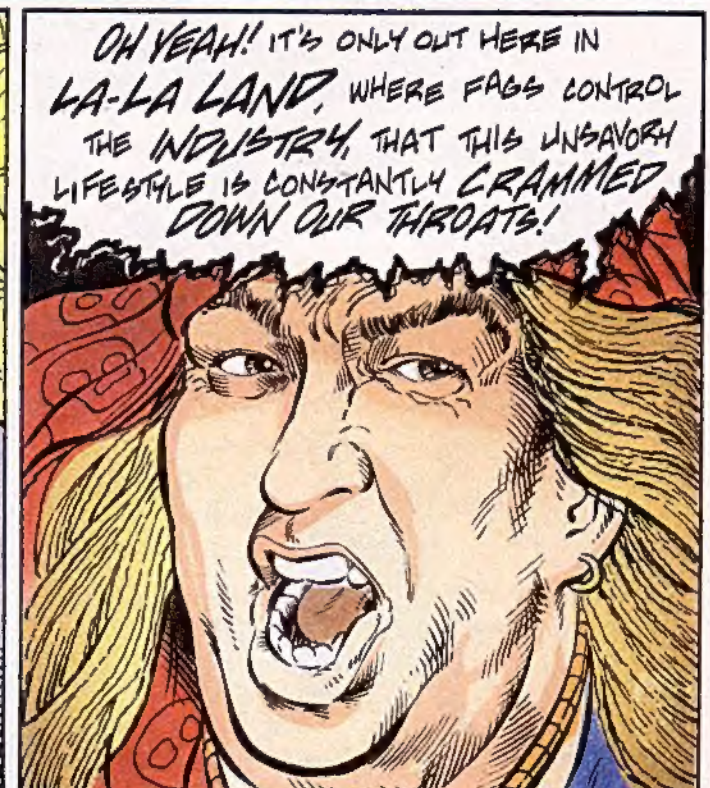
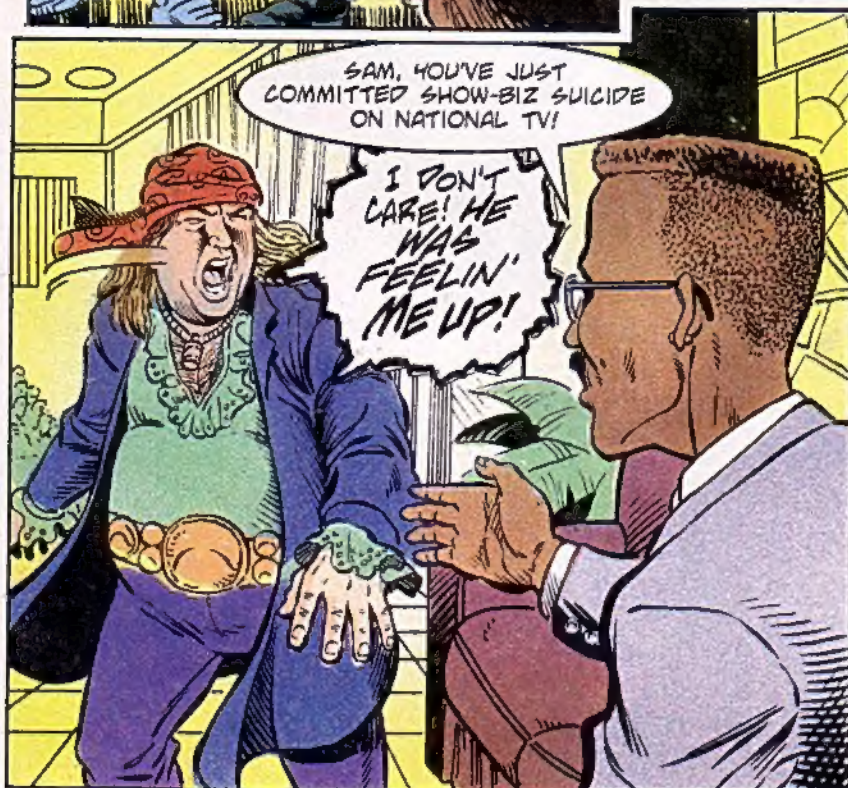
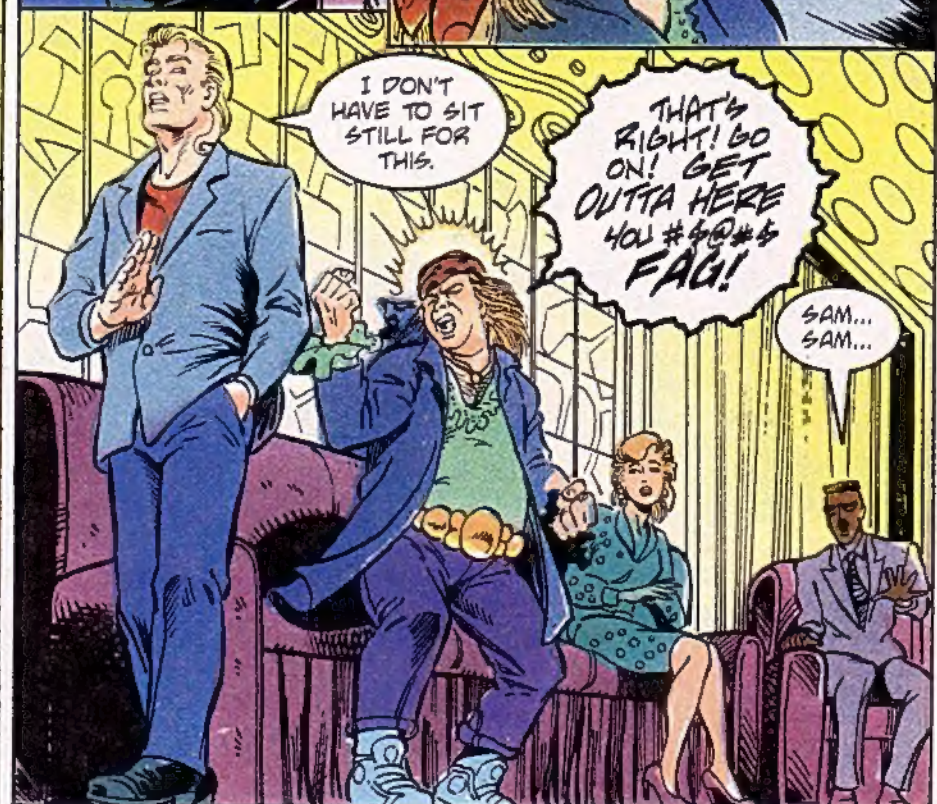
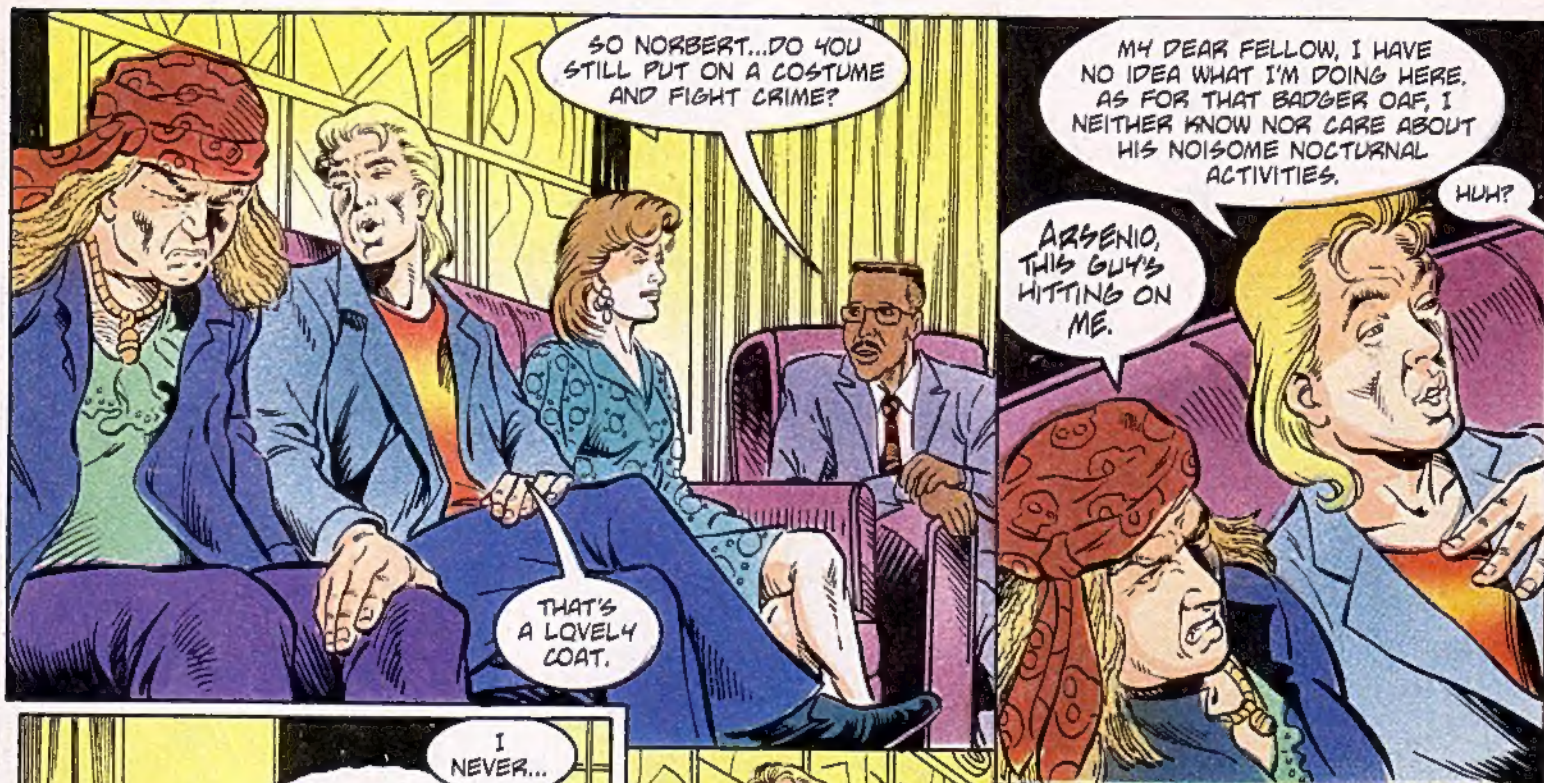
BUT HONORED HUSBAND, WE ARE CO-OWNERS OF CASTLE NOW. AND ALL OUR ANIMALS ARE HERE.



HEY! DON'T BE SILLY! THIS IS YOUR HOME! I'LL GET A PLACE NEARBY--WE'LL ALL STILL HANG OUT TOGETHER.

YES! WE WILL BE VERY HAPPY!







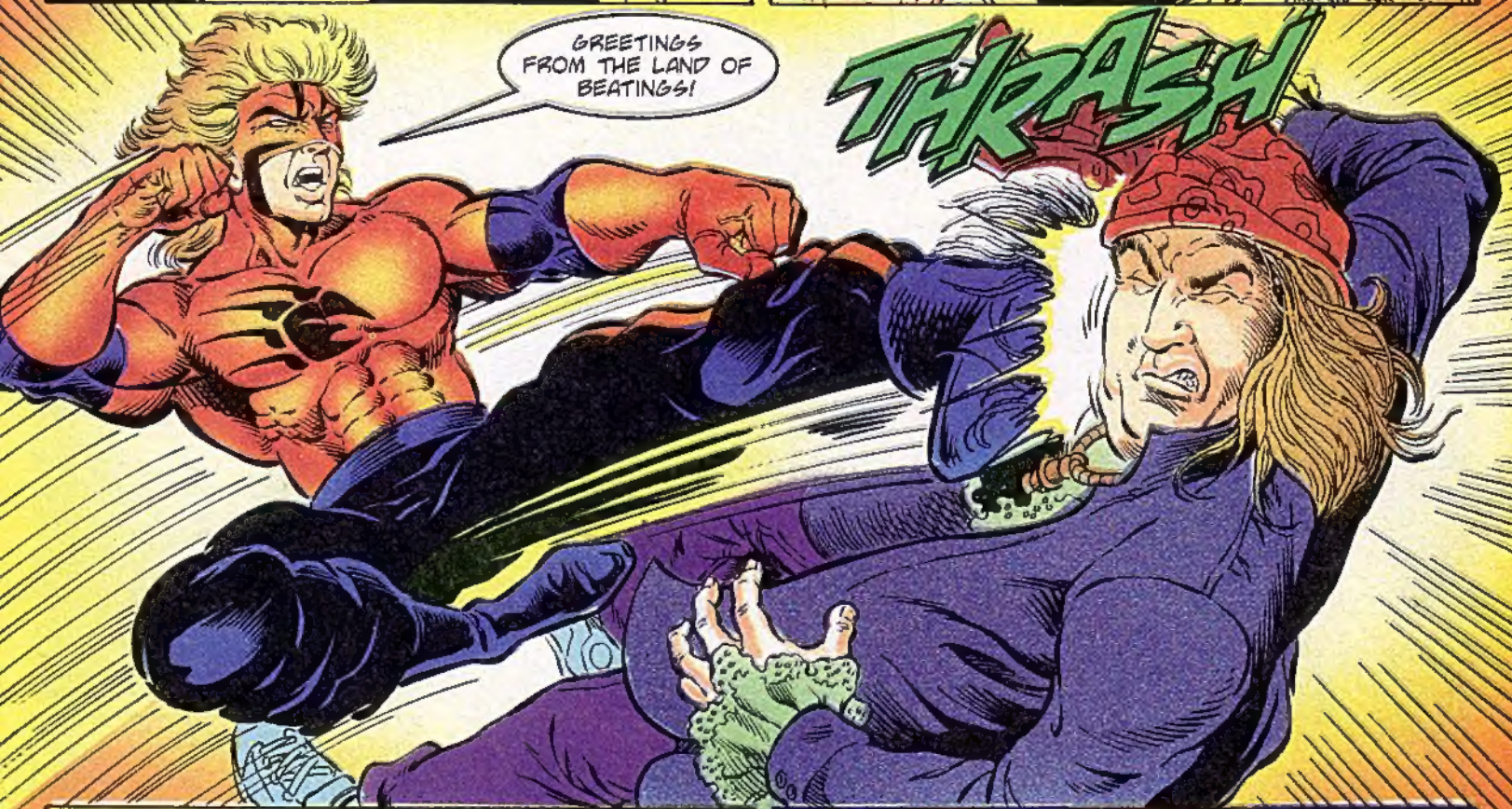
HAVE YOU SEEN THE FALL LINE-UP? "MY THREE MOMS" ABOUT A LESBIAN NUCLEAR FAMILY...

"THE SECRET LIFE OF JOHN WAYNE..." BEAU SMITH IS SPINNING IN HIS GRAVE AND HE ISN'T EVEN DEAD YET!



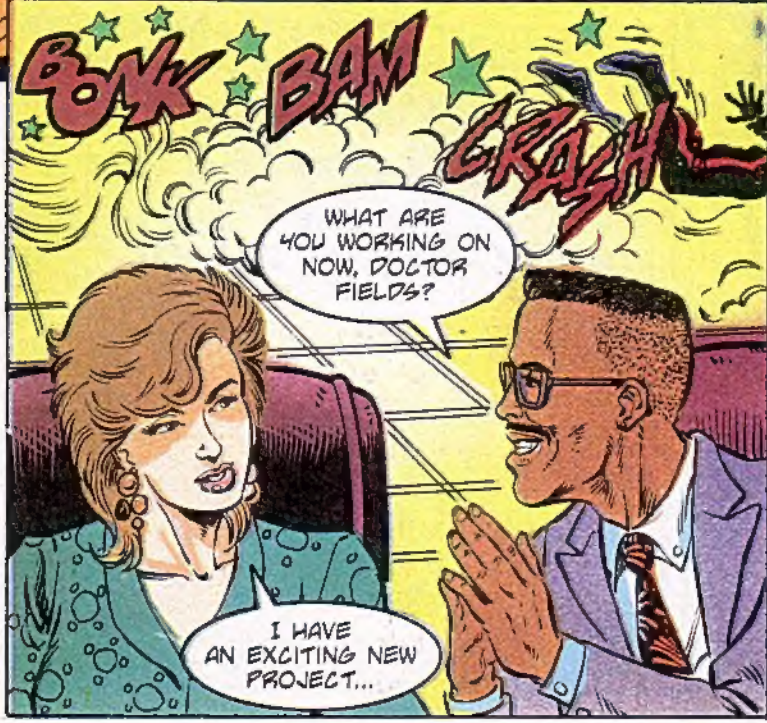
WELL, I SAY THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!

HEY SAM!



GREETINGS FROM THE LAND OF BEATINGS!

THRASH



WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON NOW, DOCTOR FIELDS?

I HAVE AN EXCITING NEW PROJECT...



HAMILTON THORNDYKE---THE UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY.

GOK!

end



Dear LARRY

c/o FIRST PUBLISHING, INC.
435 N. LaSALLE
CHICAGO, IL. 60610

Apology Department

Last month's front cover should have been credited to Kelley Jones. Paul Mounts supplied the ichor. Sorry, guys.

Lieber Larry,

As much as I enjoy *Badger* (great cover on #67, by the way) and appreciate the Badger's grasp of Madison Avenue's trends in vernacular, the fact is that *Fahrvergnugen* has two g's in it.

Badger's not the only one having trouble with that word. Recently here in L.A., a radio station tried to give away a vacation package to anyone who could phone in and spell it. No one could.

Julie Harrison
1935 Barry Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90025

We can so spell Fahrvergnugen. We can even spell G'nort with our tongues tied behind our backs. What we have some difficulty with is proofreading the #&%@ thing! I'm afraid you've inadvertently brought attention to the true reason for this omission: the troublesome g drain. Haven't you noticed that "I'm going to" has been increasingly contracted to "Ahmina?" We have to save all the g's we can or we could end up like Trump.

Salutations,

Interesting. You showed us that you can produce a good Badger epic without any overtly psychotic scenes. Don't get me wrong, I love the insane stories, but from

time to time a story like this is just as entertaining. I'm sure you'll get plenty of letters noting the symbolism between Farley Blutarski and John Belushi. I'll pass on making comments on this because nothing I'm liable to say would make any difference in the story or Mr. Belushi's past life.



The story and artwork were well crafted as usual. It wasn't as overly grim as stories about drugs usually and quite rightfully are, but these are drugs and what other kind of ending did anyone expect? It's a sad thing, but drugs are not relegated only to movie stars, pop personalities or media sensations, they are widespread throughout our culture. Perhaps the best and most cutting part of the story was when Badger realized his limitations and decided to just go back to Wisconsin.

One man, even a superhero, can't rid our country, much less the world, of drugs. Sad but true. Badger, unlike most comic characters who run down a few pushers and bust their operations before moving on to the next issue, realized his limitations and went home.

I hope Ham plays a big part in your Halloween issue. After all, what is a Halloween without witches, black cats, or at least a druid?

Robert J. Spassov
Box 280
Bolivar, OH 44612-9614

Dear Buckies,

Unless I'm mistaken, it was Ezra Pound who defined literature as, "news that stays news." In "Babysitter," Mike Baron picked an old news story that Bob Woodward had devoted a whole book to for a subject. The name of Farley Blutarski's television showcase, "My Show of Shows" goes back to a generation before the Not Ready For Prime Time Players to Sid Caesar. And to the question "what's a speedball?" somebody might answer, "Uh...he's that Ditko character in that new book...The X-Warriors or The New Factor."

But eight years after John Belushi's death, Mike brought that funny, chunky Albanian-American to life in *Badger* #67, and the results were literature. Old news became timeless, and a wasted life turned into a cautionary tale without preachiness. In the end, for all his willingness to

